Trope: AUgust Prompt Fill

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Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Categories:	F/F, F/M, M/M, Multi
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Basic Instinct (Movies), Mænd & høns | Men & Chicken (2015), At Eternity's Gate (2018), Hysteria (2011), Blood and Chocolate (2007), Charlie Countryman (2013), Polar (2019), King Arthur (2004), Adam (2009), The Salvation (2014), Trial & Retribution (TV), Rejseholdet | Unit One, Deadline Gallipoli (TV), Coco Chanel & Igor Stravinsky (2009), James Bond (Craig Movies), The Big C (TV), The Path (TV), Confessions of a Shopaholic (2009), Doctor Strange (2016), Daniel Deronda - George Eliot, Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom, Death Stranding (Video Games), Black Hawk Down (2001)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Elias (Men & Chicken)/Adam Towers, The Priest (At Eternity's Gate)/Mortimer Granville, Aiden (Blood and Chocolate)/Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Duncan Vizla | Black Kaiser/Adam Towers, Galahad/Tristan (King Arthur 2004), Nigel (Charlie Countryman)/Adam Raki, Mortimer Granville/Jon Jensen, Roberto Bellini/Allan Fischer, Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett/Igor Stravinsky, Le Chiffre/Adam Towers, Lee Fallon/Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Nigel (Charlie Countryman)/Cal Roberts, Luke Brandon/Le Chiffre, Kaecilius (Marvel)/Cal Roberts, Daniel Deronda/Jon Jensen, Abigail Hobbs/Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Beverly Katz/Freddie Lounds, Kurt Schmid/Clifford Unger
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Trope: AUgust Prompt Fill

by TigerPrawn

Summary

All these fics/ficlets are prompt fills for AU_Gust - you can find the prompt list Here. I'm writing for all 31 days but posting longer fics for some (hence 26 chapters instead of 31).

All are set in omegaverse and include Hannigram and various Hannibal Extended Universe and Hannibal rare pairs.
The pairing, rating and AU will be in the title of each chapter and the tags in the notes for that chapter.

Fantasy AU (Hannigram AU)- Explicit

Chapter Summary

Fantasy AU (1.2k)
Explicit // M/M // Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter // Tags: Fantasy AU, omegaverse, alpha hannibal, alpha great red dragon, omega Will, omega sacrifice, omega offering, Wrath of the Lamb AU, mentions of eggpreg, canon typical violence, blood, gore, heat/rut.

Will is the omega offering to the great red dragon...

Will stood in front of the stained glass of the ruined holy building at the edge of the cliff, watching as the setting sun played across the colours.

He could hear the alpha approaching. Both of them. He shuddered.

“You're playing games with yourself in the dark of the moon.” Hannibal’s voice came from behind him. Smooth tones meant to lull an omega who was approaching heat.

“The dragon is coming,” Will replied, unsure why. He had no intention of letting the dragon have him as the village had commanded. The first born omega of his household, he would be mated this night by the dragon in order to keep the town safe for another decade.

He would rather die first, he’d fight the dragon tooth and claw if that’s what it took.

Or at least he’d planned to. But his would-be suitor had followed him. The alpha who had been trying to court him for months.

“You should leave,” Will growled.

“You think he will kill me?” Hannibal scoffed, and Will turned to look at him.

“I think he will change you.” Will countered, watching the smile play across Hannibal’s face. Of course the alpha didn’t believe there was a threat. But the dragon would change Hannibal. He would enthrall him and lure him in and then eat him as he had so many other alphas who had tried to protect the omegas of the town. So much so that few had in a generation.

“My compassion for you is inconvenient, Will.”

Will shuddered at the words, at their meaning. That Hannibal planned to try and keep him from the dragon, no matter what the cost.

“Don’t-” Will whimpered quietly, not wanting this arrogant, wonderful man, to get himself killed over him.

"No greater love hath man than to lay down his life for a friend." Hannibal's words were soft as he moved behind Will. Will shivered as Hannibal lowered his nose to Will's neck and breathed deep the scent of his oncoming heat.

A blood curdling screech filled the air and the last light of the setting sun was blocked out by a shadow falling across them.

Will looked up, the action making him step back. Into Hannibal's arms. Briefly. For just a moment, before Hannibal set him back on his feet and stepped around him.

Ever the damn alpha, this man who had been a stranger to the town from some far off place and sought to court him. Before he knew that Will was the new dragon's bride, and after as well. Will had hated his presumption and pretension, until he had grown to enjoy them.

And even then, Will couldn't let himself imagine being with an alpha. Any alpha, but especially this alpha. One he had come to care for as he pursued and Will feigned disinterest. Because he could never have that life.

He was the dragon's.

The screech sounded again, louder. The dragon circling lower, until it was flying directly at them, directly at the bluff.

With a roar it angrily spat, darts of fire spraying towards the colourful glass, slicing holes through it. Several pinged against Hannibal's armour, but one found a weak point and sliced through.

Will's eyes went wide as Hannibal dropped to his knees, a hand to the hole in his armour where blood spilled forth.

Will expected to see death in his eyes, but instead there was fury.

When the great red dragon landed on the bluff, the ground shook. Hannibal went down to the floor and Will barely kept his footing.

The dragon stalked towards them and it was clear that the presence of another alpha was not something it had anticipated, not something that had happened in all these centuries that it had made hapless omegas carry its eggs.

It growled and Will shuddered, feeling the pull within him that he was meant to as the dragon's intended. But with his heat so near, it was equally a pull towards Hannibal. And it was clear in a moment that the dragon could sense the conflict inside Will.

The dragon roared, stalking past Hannibal's prone form and taking hold of Will, slinging him through the stained glass window and out onto the bluff. Enraged, it stalked back after him, and Will could see the intent in its eyes. It wasn't going to take Will to its nest to mate, it was going to have him there and then in front of the rival for Will's womb.

Will scrambled around and found a shard of the coloured glass, it sliced into his hand as he grabbed it, but he felt no pain. Adrenaline pumping around his body, he swung it upwards as

the dragon, unsheathed and snarling, moved over him. As Will swung up, the dragon sliced through Will's tunic, leaving him near naked almost immediately. With a feral cry, Will swung again, a zing of sound as it skated across hard scales. And then he pushed up.

It took more might than Will knew he had to push the glass into the dragon's vulnerable belly. Will's hands were bloody and he cried out with pain now, mirroring the dragon's own cry.

And not just at Will's actions, but at Hannibal's.

The alpha had revived and thrown himself onto the dragon's back, a choking arm around the long neck. It had the result of the dragon throwing itself backwards to try and dislodge him as Hannibal hung on with the strength of an alpha going into rut.

His clothes now rags billowing around him, Will surged forward. He pulled the glass from the dragon's belly, showered with blood that almost blinded him, he wiped an arm across his eyes and then plunged again. Keeping hold of the glass despite how it cut his palms, he dragged it across the belly.

Guts were exposed and then slipping from the body as Will looked up to see Hannibal sinking his alphan fangs into the dragon's throat and ripping it out.

The dragon screamed. Centuries of life draining from it as it flailed towards them, trying to catch them both as they staggered back from it. It took a few angry swipes, a few gasping breaths and then sank down into the pool of its own blood and viscera.

Will lost his footing then, relief as much as anything else as pain returned and energy left him. It took him what felt like minutes to recover, before looking around, trying to seek out Hannibal. Hoping that the alpha, his intended, had survived.

Will whimpered as he watched Hannibal stagger to his feet at the edge of the bluff, and hold out his hand.

Will panted, exhausted. But more than that. He could feel his skin aching, his blood burning. When Hannibal reached out his hand, Will took it, and it felt cool in comparison. Cooler still when he pulled Will up into his arms.

"This is all I wanted for you, Will. For both of us," Hannibal muttered, nuzzling against his mating gland as their bodies began to react to each other.

"It's beautiful," Will replied, knowing that this could only end one way now. With Hannibal mating, bonding and knotting him on his knees in the shadow of the ruins, in the blood of the dragon.

College AU (Hannigram AU) - Explicit

Chapter Summary

College AU (1.2k words)
Explicit // M/M // Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham/Others // Tags: College AU, omegaverse, alpha Hannibal, omega Will, frat house, slut Will, heat, Bukkake, watersports, piss enema, possessive Hannibal, rough sex, Will knows.

Will has a certain reputation on campus, and it's well earned.

Hannibal's nose twitched as he entered the frat house he had never wanted to be a part of. In fact, he had almost declined the automatic pledge that came from his father's status as fraternity alumni.

And the reason he hadn't was the same reason his nose was now filled with an almost painful odour, as though he were experiencing intense hayfever. But it wasn't an allergy, quite the opposite.

Will Graham, the fraternities one omega member, was in heat.

Most other omegas on campus, especially those in fraternities or sororities would be demure and discreet. Either going home to their families or checking into a heat clinic for the duration. However, Will had never done that.

A studious, bookish boy that Hannibal quite enjoyed discussing philosophy with, Will Graham was an omega who not only disliked the societal pleasantries and restraints placed upon omegas, but actively fought against them. As he considered, keeping them in line by using their heats against them. To control them and ensure they behaved a certain way.

And so Will had been very upfront from day one in the house. He not only did not intend to be locked in confinement for his heats, he would welcome the assistance of any alpha on campus to get him through.

In plain fact, when in heat, Will Graham was a whore.

The air was fragrant and sweet, but the scent that stung was of that other alphas. Of their semen, which was no doubt leaking copiously down Will's beautiful legs.

Hannibal clenched his jaw and started up the stairs to his own room, hearing almost instantly the noises coming from further toward the back of the house. The sound of Will whimpering and groaning. The slap of flesh on flesh. The growling of the alpha inside him and the goading of the three or four that stood watching and waiting for their turn.

Hannibal ignored the noises as best he could before getting to his room. He closed the door soundly behind him and began to undress, He removed his suit, took a shower in his en suite and then waited, towel around waist.

Hours passed as he sat on his bed, hands folded in his lap. Until finally, the distant noises changed.

He heard the footfalls of alphas making their way down the stairs and out of the frat house. And then he heard the plantation whine of an omega in need.

Hannibal drew in a deep breath and stood, trying to take in a lungful of the clean, sharp scent of his own space, before going to Will.

The scent of alphan semen increased the closer he got to Will's room. When he pushed open the door that was already slightly ajar, it was clear to see why.

The omega was on his hands and knees on the floor, semen on his back, on the floor, and leaking from his quivering hole.

Will didn't look up to see who it was, but all the same muttered, "Hannibal, please…"

Yes, Will was more than ready for him now. None of those other alphas could satisfy him quite as Hannibal could.

"Shh," Hannibal hushed and closed the door gently behind him. He removed his towel, naked now and his cock rapidly filling, as he knelt beside Will. "Let's clean you up."

Will nodded and Hannibal held out his arms, helping Will stand and walking him to the omega's own bathroom. There he turned on the shower and let Will stand under it for a moment. The semen washed from his skin, Hannibal finally stepped in behind him.

"Please, alpha." Will mumbled, clearly exhausted as he leaned heavily against the shower wall and let the water cascade over him.

"I'll get you clean for me, Will." Hannibal promised, and Will whimpered in response.

Hannibal gently pushed and moved Will's body until he was perfectly positioned against the wall for Hannibal to press his half hard cock to Will's entrance.

"Please…" Will begged. Then his breath hitched and he let out a low moan as the tip of Hannibal's cock pressed into him. They were both held there in that moment as seconds ticked by until-

Will let out a pleasured grunt as Hannibal released his bladder.

Hannibal bit back a primal growl as he held his cock inside Will and let the steady stream of piss fill the omega. There was something Hannibal loved about this part of their routine. The way this marked Will's scent so intimately, the way it washed away the undeserving seed of the others that had come inside him.

“Tell me, Will. Who had you this evening?” Hannibal growled, his stream coming to an end. “Who, Will?” He asked again and pushed himself further into Will, his cock stirring the liquid that filled Will entirely.

“Gideon,” Will panted, “Tobias, Randall.”

Will winced and almost cried out as Hannibal’s cock started to harden more fully and he pressed deeper into Will’s painfully distended body.

“Who else, Will?” Hannibal growled.

“M-Matthew.”

At that name, Hannibal sneered.

Hannibal knew he’d lose all this in an instant, if he tried to forbid Will from allowing certain alphas to have him. But he equally knew that the only reason Will let Matthew Brown have him was to anger Hannibal.

With a growl Hannibal pulled out of Will. Will cried out and then strained, pushing out the urine and semen that filled him.

“Good boy,” Hannibal soothed, having stepped to the side and now out of the shower. “Empty yourself for me.”

Will lowered himself to squat, pushing out every last bit of fluid that had been swirling inside him. When he finally stood again on shaky legs, Hannibal helped him from the shower.

He didn’t bother getting either of them dry, instead taking Will straight passed the debauched mess on the bedroom floor, to Will’s pristine bed.

Will hummed his pleasure as Hannibal released him onto the bed and Will snuggled instantly into the covers, his hips raised in instinct.

Hannibal took in a breath, the strong scent of omega in heat blocking even the scent of the soiled floor behind him. There was that sweet blossom and the tang of his own aroma.

Hannibal climbed behind Will and slid into him. He was loose and open enough that Hannibal pushed Will’s legs together to try and tighten the passage somewhat. Will groaned at the sensation as Hannibal, the alpha that would always be the last to fuck him and the only one to knot him, began to fuck into the omega beneath him.

Will whimpered and writhed in pleasure as Hannibal took him apart. The names of the other alphas swirling in Hannibal’s mind as he fucked hard into Will. Their faces called from memory, just as he would sketch them later and add them to the book he kept.

He fucked deep and hard into Will as his knot swelled.

He would tie Will, he would seed him. And one day he would kill every alpha that had ever laid a hand on him.

The fact that Will knew that to be the case, made their romance all the more beautiful

Soulmates AU (BasicChickens) - Explicit

Chapter Summary

Soul Mates AU (1.7k words)
Explicit // M/M // Adam Towers (Basic Instinct 2)/Elias (Men & Chicken) // Tags: soulmates AU, true mates, omegaverse, alpha Adam, omega Elias, chance meeting, CW: fertility, thoughts about hysterectomy, hyper arousal, slick, as always Elias has a big dick, semi-public sex, rough kissing, premature ejaculation, coming in pants, blow jobs, fingering, breeding, can be read as traditional or multisex omega, rough sex, multiple orgasms, knotting, bonding.

Elias is completely sure there can't be a true mate out there for him.

Elias knew from an early age that he would likely never be mated. And was even more certain that there was no true mate out there for him.

How could there be for an omega like him?

Omegas were gentle, delicate creatures with small frames and even smaller genitalia. Everyone knew that. And there was certainly no other omega like him on the island of Ork, in fact, he was the only male omega on the island at all.

He wished he'd never come to this place, and yet, where he and his brother Gabriel had previously lived it had been no better. He hadn't really known anyone, he had hated his job. Any place was much the same, but at least here he was with family.

Elias sighed at the thought and rubbed a hand over his belly. There would never be any young in there, he would never have a family of his own like his brother's had.

Elias sniffed and whipped the tears and snot from his face with the back of his sleeve, before he turned to walk back from the harbour. It was the best place to be alone for a nightly walk. He didn't want to cry in front of his brothers.

The last ferry had not long come in and it would start to get dark soon. He should return home to spend another evening alone in his room, or perhaps out in the barn for a short while. There was a chance that one of the animals might be interested in-

Elias's thoughts were interrupted as a black clad figure ran directly into him from the side, clearly rushing up from the ferry point.

"Excuse me!" Elias growled with indignation, keeping his feet even as the slightly smaller man did not.

On hitting into Elias's bulk, the stranger lost his footing and fell back, his arms flailing but catching nothing. He landed on his ass with a thud and expletive.

With a scowl the man brushed his longish fringe back from his eyes and glared up at Elias, his mouth open as though about to say something.

But then his expression softened and he blinked.

Elias swallowed. The man was certainly handsome, and his body reacted in that customary way of a non-mated omega of his age, and began to slick itself. It had become embarrassing how often he'd have to excuse himself to relieve his problem. He'd even taken to carrying a small assortment of knotting dildos in his car. Gabriel had told him many times that he should take hormones to bring on his menopause, or even have his womb removed altogether to solve the problem once and for all. But there was something so final in it that Elias wasn't sure he would have anything at all to live for if he did that.

And so instead he suffered the hot flashes and waves of arousal. And, worst of all, the untimely erections that left people in no doubt of how disturbingly and unnaturally endowed the omega was.

Something that was happening once more.

Elias groaned with frustration as his cock began to fill at the sight of the fond smile the stranger was flashing him.

And then the man looked at his crotch, for it had become completely unavoidable, given that it was almost at eye level. And he let out a shuddering breath.

Elias blinked at the unexpected reaction, and then drew in a breath of his own when a wave of alphan arousal hit him. The man was scrambling to his feet and with every move, his scent wafted on the air.

It was completely untoward and they should both be ashamed, something Elias had a great deal of practice at. Perhaps this alpha had some kind of condition as well? He surely couldn't be interested in such a freakish omega?

Elias opened his mouth to ask if the alpha had some kind of affliction, but was rudely interrupted with a breathless, "You're so beautiful."

Elias narrowed his eyes, waiting for some sort of jest, but instead the alpha stepped closer. Closing the space between them completely, he continued to gaze fondly at Elias as he spoke.

"Adam Towers, I'm the new editor for the Ork Gazette. Do you know where the Lykke Hotel is? I believe they have a curfew." The words were spoken low and sensual, and ending with a swallow.

The alpha's chest was heaving, and the proximity was only making Elias all the wetter.

He clenched his jaw, thinking he should answer. He should tell the alpha that the curfew is about five minutes after the last ferry because the proprietor was a nasty old woman. He

should offer the stranger somewhere to stay. Perhaps his own bed…

Elias winced when he felt the tingle over his neck. Not pain exactly, but an unexpected sensation like being bitten by a small bug. It radiated out, to the point where it was obviously his scent gland, perhaps some blockage of his pores that needed addressing.

He heard a small gasp from the alpha and looked to see that he too had a similar issue, both his glands red and slightly swollen. They both stood there, shaking and frozen to the spot.

Very unusual and not at all appropriate.

“Your glands,” The alpha, Adam, said quietly, reaching up and resting his hands either side of Elias’s neck.

Elias had meant to shy away from the touch, but had been unable to move, and now the cooling touch of the alpha’s hands pulled a moan from deep in his chest. He closed his eyes, enjoying the sensation.

“Your mating glands.” Adam continued.

Elias’s eyes flew open, wide and disbelieving.

“Mine too,” Adam said with a smile. And he was right, Elias realised. Not their scent glands, but those glands that expanded ready to take a mating bite, when-

“Oh.” Elias said, “Oh my.”

Adam growled and was on him. Their mouths met in a hungry clash of teeth and tongue.

“I need you, have to have you,” Adam growled against Elias’s mouth as he pushed Elias into the shadows of the waterfront buildings.

Elias considered suggesting the short drive to his home, but he couldn’t. His body wouldn’t allow it.

It wasn’t exactly taboo to find couples in situations like this, having to satisfy their mating urge right there and then, public be damned. But it wasn’t something Elias had ever anticipated for himself.

Despite the growing darkness and the shadows of the building, Elias found himself growing wetter and harder and then-

“Annghhh!” Elias cried out and came in his pants the moment Adam’s hands touched his cock.

“Fuck, you’re big. Oh my god. Perfect just…” He was lacing Elias’s mouth and cheeks with desperate kisses whilst quickly unfastening his own pants.

“You like-” Elias started, incredulous, but then Adam was undoing Elias’s pants too, pulling out his huge cock that made even the well endowed alpha before him look small.

Adam groaned and dropped to his knees.

Elias blinked, unsure what on earth was happening. But then Adam was licking up the spilled omegan seed from the head of his cock, cleaning him thoroughly before taking Elias into his mouth like sucking on a popsicle.

Elias grunted and fell back against the building, giving it his whole weight as he looked down at the bewildering sight of a young, attractive alpha, sucking his unnaturally engorged omegan penis.

Adam stopped when Elias was fully hard again, scrambling back up to his feet.

“It’s perfect, you’re perfect. I always worried that if I ever met my true mate they would… they wouldn’t be…” Adam swallowed and palmed at Elias’s cock, “They wouldn’t be perfect like this.”

Elias whimpered.

So many emotions were overwhelming him that he didn’t know what to do. So he was glad when Adam took the lead and turned Elias to the wall.

“I need you, just quickly, then we can go somewhere else. But I need you now.” Adam growled against his neck as he yanked Elias’s pants down and pushed his legs apart.

Elias nodded his understanding, they needed to mate. Their glands and hormones and instincts would drive them insane until they consummated their bond.

Despite the expectation of what was to come, Elias still gasped when he felt two fingers push into his slick, wet sex. His eyes rolled and a moan escaped his throat at the sensation of pleasure brought to him by a hand other than his own.

“You’re so wet. Want to fill you with all my babies,” Adam groaned.

Then his fingers were gone and he was pulling back Elias’s hips just enough, then pressing his cock to Elias’s waiting entrance.

They both stilled as Adam pushed slowly in. Both moaning and gasping at the wonderful sensation. Like nothing either of them had experienced ever before.

Without another moment’s hesitation, Adam pulled back and thrust back into him. Elias’s eyes went wide at the sensation of feeling a real alphan cock.

It was perfect. It was everything.

Elias went completely pliant, letting the alpha fuck into him at an increasingly rough pace. His own cock was slapping against the wall in front of him and so close to spilling again. Even so, it was a shock when it did. His body shuddered all of a sudden and his second orgasm of the evening radiated through him.

The clenching of his inner muscles made Adam practically howl. With a grunt the alpha started to fuck even harder and with each thrust, Elias could feel the knot swelling.

Swelling and swelling and then-

Elias screamed his pleasure and came for a third time when Adam slammed his knot inside him. Their bodies vibrated together and Adam collapsed against his back panting. Tied together now, Adam nuzzled at his neck, at his swollen gland.

“Please, please alpha…” Elias found himself mumbling the words in an orgasm fuelled haze.

“My omega!” Adam growled.

Moments later teeth met his neck and instead of pain, as he had expected, he felt nothing but pleasure as Adam sank his teeth into his mating gland, sealing them as his knot did.

With that renewed wave of pleasure, Elias cried out and came again, pulling another climax from Adam. They were both drained, both slumped against the wall as they continued to spill seed together.

When they finally caught their breath, when they finally stopped coming, Elias swallowed and said politely, “My name is Elias.”

Adam let out a soft chuckle, breathing the words against the mating bite on Elias’s neck when he replied, “A pleasure to meet you Elias.”

Elias mumbled through a pleasured haze, “You too.”

And it really was.

Angels & Demons AU (Hannigram S1) - Mature

Chapter Summary

Angels & Demons AU (446 words)
Mature // M/M // Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter // Tags: Angels & Demons AU, omegaverse, omega Hannibal, alpha Will, demon Hannibal, angel Will, the inevitable happens, morning after, spooning, riding, wing fic?

Angel Will and demon Hannibal in Minnesota on their own. The inevitable happens.

Will stretched and moaned, feeling sated in a way he hadn't in a long while.

He blinked his eyes open, realising that he was in the Minnesota motel room. And then everything else came back to him and he looked over at the sleeping body next to him.

"Dammit," Will cursed quietly.

He hadn't meant for this to happen.

He had realised Hannibal was a demon the moment they'd met in Jack's office. Just as Hannibal had realised he was an angel. It was impossible for them not to see each other. Their true selves and the shadow of their wings that hung about them like an aura. Will's pure white, Hannibal's such a dark red that they seemed completely black.

He really hadn't wanted this to happen.

It was going to complicate things too much. He could just chalk it up to being inevitable. Wasn't it always? With angels being the only alphas and demons being the only omegas of God's creation, they fit together even better than any two humans would. The fact that he and Hannibal had had an immediate friction and tension that Will hated to admit he enjoyed way too much, made it all the worse. Because he'd known all the more that he should not, could not, let this happen.

"Hmm, morning, Will." Doctor Lecter's gentle purr sliced through all the good sense that he had left and he pulled the omega into his arms, spooning up against him.

"Mornin'" Will sighed into Hannibal's neck. "We should probably talk about this."

"Mmm, I'm sure." Hannibal pressed himself back against Will's growing hardness.

"We shouldn't-" Will groaned.

"We should, it's what our bodies are meant for."

Will sighed against Hannibal's shoulder. "And you always give in to your instincts?"

"Absolutely. On every possible occasion."

Will whimpered as the omega moved. Sudden and quick, though Will could track him in a way a human wouldn't have been able to. He could have stopped him, but he didn't.

Within a moment Will was pressed to his back on the bed and the omega straddled him, simultaneously sinking down on his hard cock and revealing his true self.

It was almost enough to make Will come immediately.

Hannibal was magnificent. His skin hot, as though embers burned beneath. His dark, bat-like wings unfurled. Blood red horns sprouted as his fringe broke loose around the protrusions. He looked a delightful mess and Will couldn't deny the throb of his cock, the swelling of his knot.

"Maybe you're right," Will breathed out the words, his hands finding Hannibal's hips.

Hannibal gave a satisfied hum, before he began to ride Will as enthusiastically as he possibly could.

Hospital AU (Mortimer/The Priest) - Explicit

Chapter Summary

Hospital AU (2k words)
Explicit // M/M // Mortimer Granville (Hysteria)/The Priest (Eternity's Gate) // Tags: Hospital AU, omegaverse, omega Mortimer, alpha Priest, Mortimer opens the world's first heat clinic, differing medical opinions, discussions of temporary insanity, mating cycles, surprise rut, potentially a bit dub-con?, engorged penis, hand job, clinical treatment, confessional.

Omegas in heat are treated as though they have a mental illness, until Doctor Mortimer Granville tries to change society's mind.

Chapter Notes

For those who missed it - you can find Day Five: Post Apocalyptic AU Here

“Good morning,” Doctor Granville was washing his hands when the man entered the ward. And he received that look that many gave at seeing him so thoroughly cleaning himself.

Educating people on the existence of germs seemed to be an endless, and thankless, task.

“Can I help you?” Mortimer asked as he shook the moisture from his hands and grabbed a towel, moving forward to meet the man who was now looking around the room. “Are you here to visit someone?”

“No, I…” The man’s deep, foreign accent, had the effect of warming Mortimer in a way that he didn’t particularly enjoy. “I was told I could find you here, Doctor Granville?”

Mortimer tried not to be so tense around alphas, but in his line of work it was difficult. He often didn’t see the best side of them.

“Is your omega here?” Mortimer asked as gently as he could whilst trying not to sound frustrated.

The man raised a brow, blinked and then undid the top few buttons of his coat to reveal the priestly collar and cassock beneath.

“Maybe not then. What is it I can do for you, Father?”

“I work at the Sanitorium,” He began, looking around again, and clearly uncomfortable. “I… What is this place?” The alpha seemed to be trying to hold his breath against the sweet, warm scent of omegas.

“This ward is for recovery. These omegas have recently been in heat and need a day or two to recover from the exertion in a safe and comfortable environment.” Mortimer explained. “Would you be more comfortable talking outside?”

The priest let out a relieved breath and nodded, trying hard not to breathe in the scent of sated omega all around him.

Mortimer nodded his head towards the door the man had come through and they both went out, turning right so as to go out into the courtyard.

“You work at the Sanitorium,” Mortimer urged once they were outside in the fresh air.

“Yes. For the most part I counsel the less fortunate. And sometimes I tell them truths they do not wish to hear. It is my job to decide whether people are well enough to be released.”

Mortimer raised a brow at that, wondering exactly how a priest was qualified to assess someone’s wellness.

“I’m sorry, but I’m still not quite sure why you’ve come here?” Mortimer pushed.

“I was appraised of the methods you use here. I was curious to see whether you’ve had any success.” The words were sharp, and the expectation clear that he wouldn’t have had.

Mortimer blinked at the audacity. This wasn’t the first alpha that had come around trying to convince him that these omegas were better off in padded cells than being given what they actually needed. This was the first priest though, the rest had been doctors, all of whom had sought, unsuccessfully, to discredit him.

“Methods? I provide a safe space for omegas during their heat.”

“And machines too, I heard? Ways of bringing them pleasure.” There was a sneer at that and Mortimer instantly understood what he was dealing with.

“Oh, I see. Yes. That’s correct. I have developed a machine that can act in place of an alpha so that unmated omegas may undergo their heat without the pain and suffering it would otherwise cause.”

The priest’s expression was like stone, but Mortimer was sure he was as scandalised as his types always were. The types who considered omegas in heat to be in a state of temporary mental impairment.

“That sounds obscene.”

“It’s actually quite natural. Trust me, I’m a doctor.” Mortimer growled.

The priest's jaw flexed for a moment.

"If that's all, I'd like to get back to my patients, and I think your business at my hospital is concluded." Mortimer began to walk away.

"Did you ever consider that these poor souls would be better off at the sanatorium?"

Mortimer turned on his heel, reeling back around to face the priest. "Did you ever consider that heat is not a mental illness? It is a completely natural state. And-" Mortimer cut himself off, not wanting to waste his breath. "And I need to get back to my patients now."

He turned and walked away, leaving the priest to let himself out.

As the day wore on, Mortimer's mood improved. He discharged a couple of older omegas who experienced possibly their final heats, one who was a spinster, the other a widower. He oversaw the admission of a young man experiencing his first heat at fourteen. Younger than most, which might result in a social stigma for the boy. But at least here in Mortimer's small hospital, or heat clinic as some had taken to calling it, he would be safe and protected. His family had brought him here, when many others would have quickly found a marital match, or thrown him in the Sanitorium.

The thought of that place brought Mortimer's mood down a little. Or more so of the priest. He knew what an awful place the sanatorium was, how they treated omegas there. But the priest coming to his hospital was like a physical manifestation of that dreadful place imposing on the sanctuary he had worked hard to create.

It was an intrusion that he wished he had the sense at the time to refuse. He should have thrown the priest out the moment he walked in.

It was early evening by the time Mortimer gave into the encouragement to go home. He'd worked almost twenty hours straight, given that they had so many patients in at once. But he trusted his staff to know their jobs and so finally cleaned up and left.

Hailing a cab wasn't too difficult despite the busy time of day, and as the carriage rocked on the cobblestones, Mortimer was lulled almost to sleep. When it pulled up outside his home, Mortimer jolted with a start and clenched his fists. Overcome by an urge to set the priest right.

Popping his head out of the window, Mortimer called up and asked the driver to continue onto the sanatorium. He had business to attend to.

*

Mortimer entered the sanatorium with purpose. With conviction.

He was directed to the sanatorium's chapel, with the expectation of finding the awful alpha there, going about his business of treating omegas like they were inferior, like they were mentally unwell because of their heats.

But the place was empty, at first glance.

As Mortimer turned, the scent carried on the air and he realised the alpha was indeed in there.

“Hello?” Mortimer spoke gently, the scent filtering through from the confessional. A strong scent.

There was a sound, a little more than a whimper, that pulled Mortimer to his senses. He blinked, he was a professional. He might specialise in omegas, but he knew well enough about alphan ruts.

“Are you alright, Father?”

The response was a grunt.

Mortimer, cautiously, pulled level with the confessional, able to make out the shadow of someone inside.

The door opened so quickly that Mortimer had no chance to react, as the priest practically fell to his knees at Mortimer’s feet.

“Can you help me?” The priest groaned and reached up to him.

His cassock was open, underclothes beneath were shredded so that his nudity was on display. His cock was hard and leaking.

“We should get you to the infirmary-” Mortimer started but the alpha took hold of his coat tails and stopped him.

“No,” He rasped, “Not here… they… please…”

Perhaps unmated alphas didn’t fare much better in this place either?

The priest looked pitiful and it was abundantly clear this rut had been entirely unexpected. Possibly even triggered by his visit to the hospital, ironically.

“I can… take you to my hospital.” Mortimer winced as he said the words, knowing he was too kind for his own good sometimes. “But it is an omega facility, I will have to make-”

“I c-can’t…” The priest groaned and Mortimer winced again as he looked down at the small puddle of precome collecting on the floor.

Mortimer understood completely, there was no way this man was going anywhere. He was hoping that at least they could get somewhere private before the alpha really was in need of some sort of relief.

“Can you stand?” Mortimer asked, receiving only a whimper in response. “Where are your lodgings?”

The priest raised a shaky hand and pointed to the other end of the chapel and the door there.

Mortimer reached down and helped the man to his feet, and was immediately met with a nose to his throat.

“And people think omegas are a handful! Just hold on,” Mortimer started and then tried to move forward. But the priest cried out in pain, burying his face all the more into Mortimer’s comforting scent.

“Damn,” Mortimer cursed under his breath and then looked around once more. There was no one there to assist. Perhaps he should call out for help?

Mortimer was on the verge of doing so when the alpha whined and rut himself against Mortimer’s hip. The motion was followed by another cry of pain. When Mortimer looked down it didn’t take a physician to find the source.

The alpha’s cock was engorged beyond reason, to the point where it was almost an equal size to his knot.

Mortimer shook his head.

“This is the problem with people who think as you do. You do not accept the natural state of sexuality. The needs of your body to be relieved when regularly. And this is the result. You deny yourself any regular relief so that when your annual rut comes, you are in agony. This is not natural, you know? To feel this pain. I know you puritanical types think differently, but sex should be immeasurably pleasurable.”

Mortimer ignored the way the priest glared at him. At his words.

“But this is what you bring yourself to. And what you want omega’s to feel. You deny their natural paroxysms, until they are agonised by them and then you call it an illness. Unnatural, unhealthy. And yet if you allowed them to do as nature intended, it would be no issue at all. Your sanatorium would be empty and my hospital would be full.”

As Mortimer spoke he began to roughly pull at the priest’s cassock until it billowed from the waist, exposing him completely.

“It would serve you right for me to drag you to your lodgings with no temporary relief, but I took an oath.”

The alpha let out a cry of pain and relief as Mortimer took hold of his swollen cock.

Unable to support the squirming alpha, Mortimer made the only move he could and fell into the confessional, squeezing alongside the alpha on the slated seat as the door swung shut behind them.

“I will relieve you as best as I can for now. But in the absence of an omegan partner, I will have to see if I can fashion something for you.” Mortimer spoke clinically as he began to pump the cock in his hand. Ever so gently, his touch soft on the burning flesh.

Despite the pain, the priest began to pump his hips up into Mortimer’s hand, desperate grunts escaping on each thrust.

“You can knot in my hand,” Mortimer explained, maneuvering in the tight space to grip hold of the alpha’s knot. “It will bring you a little relief for now.”

Mortimer continued to stroke the alpha’s cock with clinical dedication, his other hand palpating the knot that throbbed in his grasp.

It took only minutes for the alpha to reach his peak.

His whole body shuddered and arched, his hips thrusting up as his come was expelled at a rate of knots to splatter against the inside of the confessional door.

Mortimer ceased his stroking immediately, allowing the discomfort to subside whilst still having a tight hold of the knot in his fist.

“We will need to hold this position for at least ten minutes, hopefully your knot will start to deflate quickly. Once I have you settled in your lodgings I will see if there is anything about the place that might be of help. Perhaps some strapping to tie your knot.”

The priest whined and shook his head.

“Unless you have an omega, or some plans in place for your rut, then I think this will be your only option.”

The priest let out a little sob and let his head fall back against the wood.

Mortimer couldn’t help but find something quite satisfactory about the situation, as much as he shouldn’t. As a doctor, he should rise above it, but as an omega there was an element of vilification that was difficult to ignore.

“Right,” Mortimer sighed, still massaging the man’s knot. We will get you settled in your lodgings and I will take care of your medical needs. And in return, I expect a substantial donation to the upkeep of the hospital.” Mortimer’s words were firm but cheerful. “Perhaps we might even look into setting up a ward for alphas in rut, hmm?”

Another grunt-sob from the priest.

“After all, it seems like you might hardly be able to take care of yourselves at all! Lucky for you it is clearly a natural physical condition, and not a mental illness.” Mortimer said the words firmly, holding the priest’s gaze.

He looked angry, he looked frustrated.

But with his knot held tightly in Mortimer’s hand, he was quite literally at the omega’s mercy.

Childhood Friends AU (ChocolateDogs) - Mature

Chapter Summary

Childhood Friends AU (437 words)
Mature // M/M // Aiden Galvin (Blood & Chocolate)/Nigel (Charlie Countryman) //
Tags: Childhood Friends AU, omegaverse, alpha Aiden, alpha Nigel, alpha/alpha, AU - not canon, abusive father, reference to abuse, reunion, open ending.

Aiden returns to Romania

"Aiden?"

Aiden froze in the marketplace at the sound of the deep, rumbling voice behind him. It hadn't been that deep the last time he'd heard it, but he recognised the speaker instantly.

"Nigel," He exhaled quietly. Still not turning, not wanting to confirm what he could tell from scent alone.

His best friend from so many years ago that it was almost painful to remember how long it had actually been. They hadn't seen each other since they were teens and Aiden's parents had moved him back to the US.

He wished they hadn't.

He left behind some of the most wonderful years of his life. The five years that they'd lived in Bucharest to be near his maternal grandparents. It had been a wonderful time that he remembered fondly for many reasons, but especially the roguish, young neighbourhood alpha who took him under his wing to teach Aiden all about being an alpha.

Aiden's dad had never liked Nigel and Aiden hanging out. And at the time Aiden had thought it was the threat of another alpha influence in his life. They moved back to the US when he was fifteen, and he was naive enough not to think it was anything else than territorial bullshit. But he'd started to realise when he was older that it might not be the case.

Once he hit his first rut a year after returning to the US, he'd had a better understanding of what his dad had been worried about. The same reason his dad had started beating him and had started them down the path of violence that had ended up with Aiden running away. Back to Bucharest, the place that held so many fond and joyous memories.

The place where he'd been so close to another alpha without realising what that closeness was.

Aiden took in the scent again, shivering as he did. The familiarity of it. A scent that was more like home, more like family, than his real one had ever been.

He hadn't expected to run into Nigel. Hadn't thought he'd still be in Bucharest. But he had hoped. He had hoped so hard, and now those dreams were reality. At least in part.

Aiden had no idea if his dad's suspicions had been true for Nigel as they had been for himself. And even if they had, what would that mean now? All these years later? Even if Nigel could fall for another alpha, perhaps he already had another in his life.

The thought pained him, but nonetheless Aiden turned, and Nigel's face lit up in a beautiful smile.

"Hello, gorgeous."

Super Hero AU (BasicPolar) - Explicit

Chapter Summary

Super Hero AU (874 words)
Explicit // M/M // Adam Towers (Basic Instinct 2)/Duncan Vizla | Black Kaiser (Polar) //
Tags: superhero AU, super powers, werewolf AU, werewolf as a super power, omegaverse, alpha/omega, alpha Duncan, omega Adam, rescue, investigative journalism via the medium of seduction, riding, knotting.

Adam hadn't expected the press conference on the registration of super powered people would end like this...

Adam cried out as he fell.

The sound of glass shattering from the explosion was deafening. He only knew he was screaming because his throat was so sore. He knew, as he fell from the upper level into the atrium that he was going to break bones. He just hoped that he wasn't also going to be impaled on glass from the hotel's vast windows that now fell inwards.

Adam had done many things in his time as a journalist that had put him in danger. But he hadn't expected this press conference covering the potential registration of the super powered to be one of them.

Perhaps that was a misjudgement on his part?

He knew he should probably go limp, but he tensed in expectation of hitting the ground. He closed his eyes tight.

And then he stopped.

Large, strong arms caught him. And Adam shuddered.

He swallowed, relief washing over him but also a little fear. He opened one eye to peek out at what had caught him, his heart thundering in anticipation.

When he saw what had caught him, he sucked in a breath.

Adam had never seen a Beastial up close. He'd reported on a few of them at a distance, and he knew there were some here today. They were possibly the least numerous of the super-powered but of course the most visible given that they would shift into some sort of large, anthropomorphic animal.

The one holding him tight, a towering seven foot tall, so far above the ground, was a wolf. A wolf with an eye patch and deep scowl. His scent gave him away as an alpha and the thought of an alpha *werewolf* was one Adam had to stop himself dwelling on in that moment.

Adam pushed the thought away and instead he thought about his next article - *saved by modern day werewolf.*

Adam was about to, breathlessly, thank the man - wolf? - when a shocked gasp went up around them. Adam looked up to the people still on the balcony above the atrium, and they were all looking up too.

A huge part of the ceiling was starting to come away, and before Adam could even cry out, it began to fall.

With a growl the wolf jostled Adam into one arm and raised his other fist. Adam watched in awe as the wolf fired lasers from his fingers up at the ceiling as it fell. It broke into smaller pieces and then, as it fell closer, he curled himself over Adam.

Adam felt the pattering impacts of the broken up plaster on the wolf's back as he sheltered him.

Adam swallowed, feeling safe and protected in a way he wasn't sure he ever had, in the arms of this creature that society was still on the fence about trusting. The omega in him wanted to instantly trust this comfort, but the journalist in him would always be suspicious.

Then it occurred to Adam, as the wolf began to loosen his hold, what if this had been the supes who had done this? All so they could swing in and save everyone? What better way to sway public and journalist opinion?

There was a story here, one that Adam wasn't going to let go until he got to the truth.

*

Adam's fingers tightened in the wolf's chest hair. Gripping it so tight that the wolf snarled. Adam rode the werewolf hard, sinking almost completely to his huge knot and loving every moment of it.

Adam had been slick since the moment he got to the man's secluded cabin. It hadn't been easy to track down the Supe that had saved him that day and then disappeared in the commotion of the emergency services arriving. But the wolf clearly recognised him. In fact he had barely a glimpse of the actual man, before he wolfed out in front of him. Better than putting on a mask, Adam figured.

Adam wasn't one for pussy footing around and he had been thinking about that strong, muscular frame ever since the press conference. He'd also been wondering exactly what it would be like to fuck an alpha with a cock that would, presumably, be as hulking as his frame suggested.

And Adam hadn’t been wrong. Nor had it taken much more than telling the wolf, one Duncan Vizla, that he was there specifically to ride his huge cock to get things started. As thanks for saving him, of course. No strings. Nothing in return. Just an opportunity to thank the wolf for saving his life.

So here he was, riding the biggest cock he’d ever had the pleasure to climb on top of, telling the wolf how good he was to fuck. And by morning, unless Adam missed his guess - which he rarely did - the wolf would be telling him everything he wanted to know.

As Adam screamed with pleasure, the wolf slamming him down onto his knot, Adam just had to remind himself not to get too close to it all. The perfect scent, the perfect knot, hell he even liked the fur beneath his fingers. He had to remain in control.

The last thing he wanted to do was fall for his source.

Royalty AU (Tristhad) - Teen & Up

Chapter Summary

Royalty AU (871 words)
Teen & Up // M/M // Tristan/Galahad // Tags: Royalty AU, omegaverse, alpha/alpha, Prince Tristan, stable boy Galahad, childhood crush, war, declarations of love.

The secret, unspoken love of two alphas for each other.

Galahad shuddered as the prince walked by.

He was stoic, as Galahad supposed a prince should be. But Galahad remembered a time when the prince would include him in his games with some of the other children, nobility alongside servants like himself. But Galahad had gone from being the son of the stable manager, to a stable boy and the prince had come of age and there were no more games.

He bowed low as did all the other servants around him as the prince entered the stables.

“We can bring your horse out to you, Sire.” The head stable boy told Tristan, but the prince shook his head and continued through to where his horse was stabled.

“That isn’t necessary.” Tristan opened the stall and petted his horse for a moment before looking over to Galahad. “Bring his tack. And prepare a horse for yourself, I wish for some company.”

Galahad blinked but then gave a nod and did as he was told. Something he’d never been asked to do before.

If anyone else in the stable had any comment to make on this unexpected request, they kept it to themselves. Once Galahad went about his charged duty, so did the rest of the staff, all politely ignoring what Tristan and Galahad were doing.

By the time the horses were prepared and Tristan and Galahad rode off, they had all gone back to their business.

The ride was quiet. Tristan said nothing and Galahad knew he was not to speak without being spoken to. Unlike when they were children.

It wasn’t until they got to the edge of the woods that surrounded the palace grounds that Tristan pulled up his horse to a stop and Galahad did the same.

With a heavy sigh, Tristan dismounted and then held the reins of Galahad’s horse so that he could do the same. After all, no one was to sit above a royal.

Galahad was itching to ask what was happening. It had been years since they'd been alone like this. In fact, it had been in this same place. They had laughed and chased each other through the trees. After a while the other children had grown bored and started looking for bugs and such. But they had continued chasing each other, as an alpha might chase a prospective mate during a mating run.

But they were both alphas, so it was surely nothing but innocent play. Galahad had tried to believe that for all this time, despite the way they had collided into each other and falling breathless to the ground. They had laughed, their mouths barely an inch apart and then-

Their friends had come chasing through with tales of a spider web so big as to be unbelievable. And that was the end of it.

Galahad swallowed at the memory. One he'd tried so long to believe was innocent, even as he'd grown and realised that he only had any interest in other alphas. Though none as much as the prince.

"War is coming. Negotiations with the King of the Saxons have broken down and my father expects a declaration any day now." Tristan spoke solemnly. "I will go to war."

Galahad swallowed. "I am a trained archer," he knew the prince already knew that. Every alpha of age was trained in some way to serve the army should the need arise. He had observed Galahad with a bow more than once, whilst he trained with sword and daggers, from the otherside of the training field.

"I am not afraid of war. I'm not afraid of dying." Tristan continued, and Galahad could hear the truth in it. "I am afraid of dying without declaring myself."

Galahad blinked. He had never heard of the prince having a suitor. In fact he'd half expected that he might be married off to one of the Saxon's omegan princes or princesses in an effort to avoid war. He was at a loss to know who he would declare himself to.

But all the same his heart ached over it. Years of ignoring his innocent childish crush that had become something more. Something he could never speak of.

"Will you go to war at my side, Galahad?" Tristan asked, gruff as he ever had been, even as a child.

"Yes," Galahad's breathless reply was quick and earnest. He would take no pleasure in the killing, but he would die to fight by the prince's side.

"And when the fighting is done, we can return together. Victorious." Tristan continued. He stepped towards Galahad and reached out. He took Galahad's hand and squeezed it for a brief moment before releasing it and taking in a sharp breath.

But the touch was everything Galahad needed to know that Tristan felt the same, and perhaps had done these many long years.

“Tristan,” Galahad addressed him in the way he had been denied for so many years, it sounded almost alien to him now. Tristan even looked up sharply in response, though there was nothing but warmth in his eyes. “I will live and die at your side. I will kill to keep you safe.”

“And I you,” Tristan replied in a deep rumble.

They both meant every word.

Pirate AU (Spacedogs) - Explicit

Chapter Summary

Pirate AU (2k words)
Explicit // M/M // Adam Raki (Adam)/Nigel (Charlie Countryman) // Tags: Pirate AU, omegaverse, alpha/omega, alpha Nigel, omega Adam, kidnapping, heat, Nigel a pirate and a gentleman, directions, dirty talk?, self fingering, self fisting, breeding, scenting, first kiss, happy ending.

Nigel has no clue that his life will be changed forever when Darko makes a massive mistake.

“P-please. I’ve never left New Haven before.” The omega whimpered and Nigel growled.

Fucking Darko. Kidnapping the son of the Governor? They already had a mark on them, but with so many pirates in these parts, it wasn’t worth the governor’s while to pursue any that hard. Unless, of course, they’d kidnapped his fucking son.

He’d already spent the time it took for them to weight anchor, ripping Darko a new one. His friend had seen only the possibility of ransom when he’d spotted the boy out walking in the park. And this was the reason why Darko wasn’t the brains of the operation!

They set sail and Nigel now had to work out what the fuck to do with the small, scared omega in his bunk. It wasn’t like he could leave the kid out with the rest of the crew, he didn’t trust those fuckers. But none of them would mess with him in here.

“Don’t worry, gorgeous.” Nigel snarled, “We’ll be getting you home soon enough.”

At that the omega blinked and sat up a little. He didn’t quite meet Nigel’s eye, which Nigel had to take as a sign of the respect due to him. No doubt the kid knew exactly who he was. He was notorious along this coast.

“What will you do with me?” The omega asked.

“Pardon me?” Nigel replied, with a frown. “I’m not going to fuck you.” Nigel was many things, but he wasn’t an alpha who fucked omegas against their will. He never wanted for company and never had to pay for it either.

“Excuse me?” The kid looked shocked and retreated back onto the bunk a little. “I-I meant, about getting me home.”

“Shit.” Nigel spat out the curse and began to pace.

If anything happened to the kid, then they were fucked. But equally, if he returned him, as soon as he told his dear old daddy, then they would also fucked.

“My father is away.” The kid, Adam Raki, Nigel knew, spoke with determination.

“Okay?”

“He won’t be returning for at least a week. If you could have me back by then, I will tell Harlan, my minder, that I was away with friends.”

Nigel narrowed his eyes at the omega. “Yeah? And why would you do us a kindness like that?

Nigel couldn’t believe him for a moment, despite the fact that he didn’t feel like it was a lie. It was definitely an effort to be as distrustful of this omega as he usually was.

The boy’s eyes darted around for a moment before he finally replied, “I don’t want you to get into trouble for something your friend did. And-”

“And?” Nigel was curious, all the more so when a light blush spread on the boy’s cheeks.

“And I’ve heard stories about you. You’re the Seawolf aren’t you?” Adam looked bright and excited and damn, it made Nigel’s knot throb just a little.

“Yeah, that’s what they call me.”

“I like hearing stories about you. My father says you’re a bad man, but everything they say about you, it’s all so fascinating. An adventure.”

“And now you’re on an adventure,” Nigel couldn’t help but soften a little and was surprised when Adam drew back again.

“I don’t like changes in my routine. I prefer to read about these things rather than experience them.”

Nigel had no response to that. He’d never had a choice. Life had dealt him a shitty hand from day one and he’d made the best of it he could.

So Nigel simply nodded curtly, and then started towards the cabin door. As he went to open it he turned back to Adam and said, “We can’t exactly drop you back at port. We’ll continue up the coast and then come back down to the north harbour and sneak you back from there. Unless they are already in pursuit, in which case, I can’t say what will happen.”

Adam nodded, accepting. Nigel pulled open the door and was about to leave Adam behind him when the omega piped up.

“Um, Mr Seawolf? My heat is due in about forty-eight hours. I thought you should know.”

*

Nigel had held out for hours. It felt like fucking days, he was so strung out.

Hours of the omega wailing and suffering and begging through his heat. It had gotten so bad that they'd had to drop anchor off the coast of a harbour town up the coast and the rest of the crew had taken the boats into port. They would lose themselves in a tavern for a day or two.

All except Nigel.

He hadn't missed their looks as they'd left the ship, but Nigel meant what he'd told Adam. He wasn't going to have him, no matter how tempting the scent of ripe omega was. But he wasn't going to leave him there fucking vulnerable and unprotected either. Not when he was tantamount to their precious cargo and needed to be returned home without so much as a hair out of place.

He cursed Darko under his breath for the hundredth time that hour.

All the more when the omega let out another plaintive moan and then called out, "Seawolf, are you still there?"

"Y-yeah," Nigel's voice broke on the words as he answered from the otherside of the cabin door.

"It hurts," Adam moaned. "I need…"

"Fuck," Nigel muttered under his breath. What was going to be worse? Getting this kid home suffering from a bout of heat sickness, or deflowering him?

Nigel's traitorous cock twitched at the thought.

"Seawolf?" A sharp gasp and some fear there. The omega's scent was tinged with a little distress. Not enough to make Nigel act, but enough to be clear.

"Call me Nigel," Nigel's response was gruff as he tried to keep it all together.

"N-Nigel. Unff…"

Fuck.

How the fuck was he going to ignore the kid saying his name like that as he tried to pleasure himself through his heat?

"Nigel," Adam said his name again, calling for him. Then firmer, "Nigel. You need to help me."

"Kid, if I come in there things are gonna get more complicated than I can deal with right now." Nigel growled back, thinking again how he was going to come up with a suitable punishment for Darko.

As if reading his mind, Adam spoke again, “Then get the one who brought me here, if you don’t want to be responsible, as the ship's captain. Which really you should be. But if not you, then that other alpha.”

There was something about the angry tone that made Nigel want to smile, but he was too busy feeling a rage rise up inside him at the thought of Darko, or any other alpha, taking care of Adam.

Nigel rested his head against the door, practically feeling the heat radiating out of his cabin. His own scent of the well lived space, mingling with the fresh and warm scent of the omega currently writhing on his bunk.

He curled his fist against the door and tried to ignore the breathy sounds, and the visual his mind conjured up of the kid riding his own fingers.

“W-what do you need?” The words come out as a croak.

Adam stills, quiet now and Nigel waits for an answer.

“Need a knot… my fingers aren’t enough.” Adam’s reply is breathless but no whining, no begging. Just matter of fact, and direct. Nigel’s cock twitched again, filling even as he tried to ignore it.

Nigel wasn’t keen on submissive omegas, and Adam clearly wasn’t. But he wasn’t domineering either. He just was. All about business, all about the facts. And that was more of a turn on than Nigel had ever considered.

He swallowed, “How many fingers?”

The soft, wet sounds started again, though not as vigorous. “Unf, three. It’s not enough. Smaller than the knotting apparatus my heat nurse uses.”

The thought of Adam being benched, a big wooden cock filling him, made Nigel both possessively mad and incredibly aroused. It was all he could do not to start rutting his groin against the wood of the door.

“Try more. Your whole fist,” Nigel said and then gulped.

More breathless noises and movement. Wet sounds and then moans.

“I-I can’t quite, from this angle. But it’s better.”

“Ball your fist, make a knot with it,” Nigel rasped, now having no other option than to grip his cock through his britches.

“Uh, ha, yes, that’s good. You feel so good.” Adam’s words were a little slurred and Nigel’s heart thundered in his chest.

Fuck he wanted to take this omega. He’d never before wanted anyone the way he’d come to want Adam Raki in the last few hours. It would be so easy to sign his own death warrant a

hundred times over, stride through the door and mount the boy. Return him to his father whelped.

Nigel squeezed his cock again and came at the thought of breeding the omega.

“Hmm, Nigel…” The omega made snuffling noises and Nigel realised he was scenting the air, scenting his release. Clearly it had a calming and arousing effect.

More wet sounds, the thud of movement on his bunk. It was all so clear in Nigel’s mind, including the omega’s face was when he cried out “Seawolf,” as he came.

*

Nigel was a mess. He was just thankful that Adam’s heat was over before the boats began to return to the ship. He could see them nearing and had enough time to go and clean up.

He stank.

Covered in so many loads of his own come that he was sure he’d need to burn his clothes.

He was back on deck before the first boots stepped aboard, a sheepish looking Darko leading the way. Nigel glowered at him for a moment before turning and striding to his cabin. He gave a light knock and when there was no answer, he entered.

The room looked hardly any different. But for the smell, and his bunk being a shambles of now soiled blankets pulled together to form a nest, it looked like nothing had happened.

There in the centre of the blankets, snuggled down with a sated and easy expression, was Adam Raki.

He was equally filthy, covered in so much slick and come that Nigel’s dick might have revived if not for how completely spent he was. For almost two days solid, they had gotten each other off on opposite sides of the cabin door. First Nigel instructed Adam on how to please himself, and after a while, Adam requested that Nigel come for him. To please him, to help him through.

And Nigel had done so, readily. Eagerly. And often.

Now Adam slept and looked so peaceful and beautiful that the frenzied hours seemed almost like a dream.

Nigel stood watching for a few minutes, knowing he should leave or else wake the omega. Something.

But despite being clean, Nigel couldn’t care less as he moved onto the bunk and curled himself around Adam.

The omega gave a happy purr and burrowed into him, Nigel closed his eyes and inhaled the beautiful scent and felt pain at the thought of never scenting him again.

He'd let Adam sleep, he'd let himself have this little comfort. And then they would continue their plan to return Adam before a fleet was sent after them.

Nigel was just drifting off when he felt Adam nudge against him, rubbing his own lightly stubbled cheek against Nigel's.

"I can read star charts, you know."

Nigel blinked and raised a brow at the omega now nuzzling against him. It was intimate but not sexual. It was exactly what alphas and omegas did after mating. Trying to solidify their bond.

"An expert navigator, though I have no practical experience."

"Adam," Nigel sighed gently. "This ship is no place for you. If you're suggesting-"

"I want you to be my mate. My father has spoken to many suitors on my behalf, and those who like me well enough, I do not like at all." Adam frowned. "I like you. I like that you helped me even though you didn't lay a finger on me."

"It wasn't for lack of temptation," Nigel growled under his breath. And that brought a light chuckle from Adam that warmed him all the way through.

"Do you want to be a pirate forever? Until you die?" Adam asked, curious but also concerned.

"That's pretty much how it goes. Unless I find a lovely chest of treasure and quietly retire." Nigel joked, but Adam propped himself up on an elbow and looked at him very seriously.

"My dowry is very good. A small fortune, actually."

Nigel blinked.

"If you apply to my father as a suitor. Um, pretend to be some lord or something, European nobility. I promise I won't refuse you."

Nigel blinked again and his breath caught in his chest.

Could he really give up this life? Did he want to?

Strangely, his mind only supplied him with countering questions. Would he want this life for Adam? Could he give Adam up?

Nigel found the answer came quickly and easily.

"We'd better get you home first. And I had better have a shave and a haircut."

Adam’s smile was dazzling. Consuming. As was the slow and gentle kiss he then pressed to Nigel’s lips.

Nigel drew a sharp breath at the contact and melted at the omega’s touch. Yes, he could retire from this life very easily for Adam Raki.

Ranch AU (Mortisen) - Teen & Up

Chapter Summary

Ranch AU (368 words)
Teen & Up // M/M // Mortimer Granville (Hysteria)/Jon Jensen (Salvation) // Tags: Ranch AU, omegaverse, alpha/alpha, doctor mortimer, ranch owner jon, Wild West.

Mortimer arrives in America, hoping it will be everything he wants it to be.

Chapter Notes

ok, I feel like I totally failed this one. I just didn't have the energy to write more, so have this intro and let your minds fill in the rest. Basically a happily ever after for the doctor and ranch owner alpha/alpha lovers :)

When Mortimer arrived in the Americas it was exactly what he'd expected. New York City was a bustling metropolis, a place of intrigue and possibility.

But that wasn't where his journey ended.

After a few days rest he started his journey across the vast country to California and onward to the American Frontier.

Mortimer was exhausted when he arrived in the small town where his new practice would be situated. Frontier medicine, a fresh start. And very, very warm.

He ached as he alighted the stagecoach. His body felt all the hours of the travelling he'd undertaken.

But it would be worth it, he reminded himself. Not just a chance to set up his own practice, but also a chance to be free.

He had heard the rumours that many had dismissed but that he had put a lot of stock in being true. And if they weren't? Well, life would remain the same but in a different setting.

"Doctor Granville?" A gruff voice enquired.

Mortimer turned to see the rough, sunkissed blonde alpha that stood before him, hat in hand.

"Yes," Mortimer confirmed and the alpha inclined his head.

“Jon Jensen, it’s my ranch where you’ll be lodging until the rooms above your practice have been finished.”

“Ah, Mister Jensen. Of course. A pleasure.” Mortimer held out his hand and shook that of the alpha who the town mayor, the organiser of his accommodations, had written about.

As their palms met, Mortimer swallowed at the feel of the rough, strong, alphan hand.

They lingered for just a moment, eyes meeting and something passing there that made Mortimer’s heart flutter.

Perhaps it was true what was said? Of the Wild West being home to those with a home nowhere else. The alphas who were born omegas, omegas who were born alphas, omegas who loved other omegas. And alphas who loved other alphas.

Jon slowly slipped his hand away and put his hat on his head.

“This way,” The alpha indicated the way to his own pony and trap, before taking hold of Mortimer’s luggage. Mortimer followed, a lightness in his chest he hadn’t felt since he was a child.

Perhaps the Wild West held intrigue and possibility too.

Crime AU (Rejseretribution) - Teen & Up

Chapter Summary

Crime AU (725 words)
Teen & Up // M/M // Allan Fischer (Rejseholdet)/Roberto Bellini (Trial & Retribution) // Tags: Crime AU, omegaverse, alpha/omega, alpha Roberto, omega Allan, cop Allan, informant Roberto, pre-Rejseholdet.

Berto was only supposed to be an informant.

Allan woke to the sound of thumping on his car window. He'd fallen asleep waiting for the little shit. He should have been off shift hours ago but Berto always gave solid information, even if the little alpha was a pain in the ass.

And there he was, at the window with a panicked expression.

With a frown Allan wound down the window but before he could say anything Berto blurted, "You have to help me. They think I'm an informant."

"You are an informant." Allan replied, flatly.

Berto gave him a cold glare. "And if they realise that then they will kill me, and you won't have an informant at all."

"Who?" Allan asked, but he got no answer as Berto rushed around to the other side of the car and let himself in, hunkering down a little in the seat.

"Johan's gang, his dealers. It started as a joke. One of them said it as a joke and then they all riled themselves up. I swear to fucking god one of them must be due a rut or something."

"And so you ran over here? To the officer you give information to?" Allan asked, wondering if all the alphas that operated in the criminal underworld of Copenhagen were this ridiculous. He couldn't wait until he started in the Mobile Unit. Only a few more shifts to finish out in this department and then he would be joining Unit One after a short bout of leave. No more of this shit.

"We'd already arranged this meet, so I knew you'd be here-" Berto was looking out the back of the car, distracted. "Shit, I can see them."

Allan looked in his rearview mirror and could make out three or four burly men staggering a little drunkenly down the street.

"Can you just drive!" Berto snapped.

With a sigh, Allan started the car and pulled away slowly so as not to arouse suspicion.

“Okay,” He said once he was driving out of the street, “Where am I dropping you?”

There was no answer, which was fucking annoying, so when Allan got to some stop lights he pulled up and looked over at the little alpha.

He was almost completely curled in a ball and shaking, silently sobbing.

“I can’t do it anymore,” Came a quiet voice.

“Can’t be an informant?” Allan asked. The lights changed and he pulled away again, which was good as he’d been half tempted to pat the kid.

“Can’t be a criminal.” Berto sniffled. “I tried. But… When Damon first pulled me into all this shit I was so young. And he… he was persuasive. I was a kid!” Berto sobbed, wiping snot from his face with his sleeve. “I can see now that he pretty much brainwashed me and now I’m stuck in this life and I tried. With being an informant. But I can’t-” He broke into more sobs.

“Fuck.” Allan growled. He pulled up at the end of the street and looked both ways. Left, he could circle back and drop the kid somewhere in the city. Right, and he’d be heading out towards his own house.

Without giving himself a chance for a second thought, Allan turned right.

“Can I get into witness protection or something?” Berto asked meekly.

“Honestly, kid? Probably not. It doesn’t work like that. But I can try. In the meantime,” Allan let out a sigh and stopped himself from saying any more.

In fact neither of them spoke until he pulled up outside his own house twenty minutes later.

“You can come inside. Get cleaned up. You can sleep in the spare room and I’ll make enquiries about witness protection.” Allan told Berto gruffly.

There was a brightness there behind the sadness, and Berto nodded like an eager puppy.

With a heavy sigh, Allan stepped out of the car and started towards the house.

This really wasn’t okay. But what was he going to do? Let the kid go back out there where someone might kill him for being an informant? Allan had to take some of the responsibility there, after all.

And it would only be for a night or two, just until he could arrange something else for Berto. The alpha would be gone in plenty of time.

He’d certainly be gone before Allan’s scheduled heat leave in four days.

Rock Band AU (Moustache Husbands) - Explicit

Chapter Summary

Rock Band AU (866 words)
Explicit // M/M // Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett (Deadline Galipoli)/Igor Stravinsky (Coco & Igor) // Tags: Rock Band AU, omegaverse, alpha/omega, alpha Ellis, omega Igor, can be read as traditional or multisex omega, love hate relationship, irresistible, breeding, mentions of mpreg, coming untouched, knotting, true mates?

Every time music journalist Ellis interviews rock front man Igor, the inevitable happens.

Very loosely inspired by my non-omegaverse band fic Firebird

"Why, unf, does this, ahh, happen, every. Damn. time!" Ellis struggled out the words as he buried himself over and over inside the omega beneath him.

They were in the band's hotel suite where the lead singer and songwriter, Igor Stravinsky, had agreed to be interviewed.

And the thing was, Ellis and Igor didn't even like each other. They'd done interviews before, as was going to happen with the world's biggest band and one of the top music journalists of the day. And this had happened before. In fact it had happened pretty much every time they'd encountered each other in a private setting.

Ellis knew he'd be interviewing the band, but he'd assumed it would be all of them. Not just the man who had been voted World's Sexiest Omega in tabloid gossip rag Tattle several years running.

But it had been. And here they were.

At least this time he'd managed to ask most of his questions before they started ripping each other's clothes off. Enough at least to flesh out the article. Not like last time when all he wanted to do was leave after coming deep inside the omega, but instead they'd had to wait out his knot going over a few more Q&As for the piece.

Ellis didn't want to have to do that again. In fact he was seriously considering pretending to nap as they waited out his knot.

Or he could just not knot Stravinsky at all?

He could pull out before they reached climax and-

Igor clenched around him, his legs firmly around Ellis's hips and meeting every damn thrust.

The problem was, sex with Igor Stravinsky was amazing. It was more than that, it was like paradise. Ellis wasn't exactly virginal so he had a good frame of reference when it came to comparisons. And so far, no omega he'd ever fucked around with, fit against him quite as well as Igor.

None slotted so perfectly against his body. None moaned in a way that made his skin prickle and his heart swell.

None were, in fact, Igor Stravinsky.

"Inside me," Igor growled, pulling Ellis as tight to him as he possibly could.

Ellis let out a whimper. He loved it when Igor was demanding, wanting his seed hot and deep.

They barely tolerated each other when they weren't fucking, but as soon as they gave into themselves, they had a desperate need.

He'd established the first time they'd done this, that Igor was on suppressants, and yet he often found himself actively forgetting that information. Wanting to hear the omega beg for his come and wanting to give it to him. To seed and breed him.

The thought made Ellis fuck the omega harder.

"Want my pups, huh?" Ellis growled back, the response to which was Igor's fingers digging into his back until they almost drew blood.

And what a sight it would be if anyone walked in. Igor's clothes half ripped off of him, Ellis's shirt was somewhere on the floor. He still wore both shoes, and his pants and underwear were around his ankles. He'd no doubt break his neck if there was an emergency.

"Yesss," Igor hissed and Ellis felt him tightening, his climax building. And then it hit.

With a cry, Igor clenched around him as Ellis tried to stave off his own orgasm long enough not to shoot his load before knotting, like a damn teenager. He thrust hard a few more times, pressing his knot against Igor's wet entrance, before plunging it inside him.

Igor cried out again, came again and then locked completely around Ellis. And then Ellis was coming too.

His body shook and he fought to hold himself up as the intensity of the pleasure threatened to overcome him.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck…" Ellis chanted as he continued to rock and throb and come deep inside Igor.

It was long minutes before his climax subsided and he collapsed exhausted on top of the omega. Igor hummed and moved his hands up to Ellis's hair, running his fingers through the sweat damp curls.

It had been intense, and Ellis's knot was going to last a fair while, that much was certain. So he didn't resist when Igor wriggled and they shifted into a more comfortable position, on their sides, legs entwined. Joined at their sex, with come and slick moistening the sheets.

Igor moved forward and for a moment Ellis thought he was going to be drawn into another embrace, but instead Igor reached past him for the cigarettes and lighter on the bedside table.

"Do you think at some point we ought to consider, possibly even admit defeat, to the fact that we are clearly truemates?" Igor asked, lighting a cigarette. He took a drag and then passed it to Ellis who took a drag himself before answering.

"Maybe, but it feels more fun this way doesn't it?" He grinned.

"Mhm," Igor hummed and raised a brow. And then he clenched around Ellis and had the alpha coming again. His knot swelling a little and keeping them locked together all the longer.

Ellis groaned, but he was sure Igor knew that he really didn't mind at all.

Role Reversal AU (Spacedogs) - Mature

Chapter Summary

Role Reversal AU (1k words)
Mature // M/M // Adam Raki (Adam)/Nigel (Charlie Countryman) // Tags: Role Reversal AU, omegaverse, alpha/omega, omega Nigel, alpha Adam, son of a crime boss Adam, space enthusiast Nigel, neighbours, attraction, arousal, stargazing, making a date.

Adam likes his gruff omegan neighbour.

NB: Day fourteen is here - Trope: Vampire AU (Hannibal/Jack/Will)

Adam had been worried when his father arranged for him to move into this small New York City apartment. He worried he'd displeased the man in some way. He knew he didn't have the interest in his father's business that his father would have liked. He was good at the bookkeeping his father had assigned him, but showed no interest in learning the family business. He wasn't the alpha his father had hoped him to be, but there was nothing he could do about that.

Adam had settled into his apartment and his new life. He saw his dad now and then, but of course such a big crime boss was pretty busy. Though he did make a point to pop in if he was in the neighbourhood.

Life was very samey in the apartment, and Adam enjoyed that. He was able to set himself a comfortable routine that had been difficult living with his father, with things prone to change at a moment's notice. And, he was an alpha with a nose very sensitive to scents. So being able to have his own space and not have to deal with chef's cooking, was a huge plus. All in all it was pretty perfect.

Or at least he had thought it was, until the night his downstairs neighbour knocked on the door.

Adam wasn't used to guests, and considered not opening the door at all. He sighed and walked to the door, looking through the peephole to see the gruff, surly omega from downstairs. He balled his fists and steeled himself for the interaction.

Adam hadn't really had cause to talk much to him, and he didn't have much interest in doing so. As the son of a gangster, Adam had known many men who looked like this, so he had been more than happy not to have really had to make the man's acquaintance.

He swallowed and then opened the door, keeping the latch on.

He was glad he did, otherwise the angry omega would have been eye to eye with him in moments. As it was he pressed forward and Adam wondered if he was going to try and bust the chain.

“Yes?” Adam asked, trying to puff himself up into as much an alpha stance as he could manage.

“You Raki?” The omega growled.

“Yes, I’m Adam Raki.”

“The Super says the empty boxes on the stairs to the roof are yours. Can you move them?”

Adam was taken aback. He blinked and answered steadily, “The Superintendent said I could keep them there until my father could have them removed”

“You moved in a week ago!” The omega snarled this time, tapping his foot. “Look, I’ve tried to keep my cool, but tomorrow there is a meteor shower and I can’t get up on the roof with those boxes in the way.”

“Oh.” Adam replied.

“Yes, fucking ‘Oh’!”

Adam took a breath and unlatched the door.

“I will move them,” Adam stepped out into the hallway and took the corridor to the hardly used stairs to the roof. There were quite a few boxes, and Adam hadn’t expected them to take so long to be collected. And now he couldn’t help but feel a little terrible about it.

“I’m very sorry,” Adam frowned as he said it, looking up to meet the man’s eyes for a moment.

The omega’s angry scowl softened for a moment and Adam looked away, a little surprised by the change.

He was a very beautiful omega. He made Adam tingle in interesting places. He spoke in a rough way that wasn’t as tempered as some of the men his father dealt with, and there was a strange charm to that.

“It’s fine,” Came the gruff reply. “We can just stack them.”

Adam nodded.

“But then you have to get them picked up. Soon. I don’t want to be knocking them over in the middle of the night.”

“W-why would you knock them over?” Adam looked at the neat stack. There wasn’t a lot of room but enough to squeeze past. He was genuinely curious, but also, he really wanted to keep talking with the omega. He held a sort of fascination for Adam.

Nigel looked at him for a moment and then turned, looking back over his shoulder to say, “Follow me.”

And Adam did, down to the second floor and Nigel’s apartment.

Adam’s heart was thumping in his chest when Nigel opened the door and invited him in. He’d never been invited anywhere by an omega before, let alone one who’s scent was increasingly enticing. He started to tremble thinking about how the omega’s was making him feel and what the omega might be feeling too. After all, surely omega’s didn’t invite just anyone to their apartments? The thought made him a little hard and he felt precome begin to bead at his tip.

Nigel sniffed the air and looked back at Adam again, an expression that Adam was sure was surprise, but then he smiled. And Adam smiled back.

“Here,” Nigel closed the door behind Adam and then flipped a switch.

The lights went off, and then immediately, the room was lit up once more.

Adam gasped as the universe expanded and filled the room.

“This is why.” Nigel said, so close to Adam it made him jump.

“Why?” Adam was so awed by the planets around him that he lost the thread of their previous conversation.

“Why I’d hit over the boxes,” Nigel stepped around him and laid his hand on a shape. Adam’s eyes adjusted to see a very professional looking telescope. “I take it up to the roof.”

“Are you an astronomer?” Adam asked, immeasurably curious about the gruff, tattooed omega.

Nigel shook his head, “No, I make toys.”

“Like an elf,” Adam found himself saying, and was glad when Nigel replied with a chuckle.

“Ho, ho, ho.” Nigel grinned. “For a toy company, electronics.”

“Oh.” Adam replied, and then licked his lips.

“This is just a hobby for now. But I’ve studied a lot, so we’ll see about the future.”

Nigel moved back to the wall and flicked the switch again, the stars vanishing.

Adam let out a little whimper at the loss that seemed to surprise them both.

“What do you do?” Nigel asked, looking at Adam so hungrily he had to look away.

“Um, nothing. For now. I used to work for my father but then he sent me here. I get an allowance.”

“Raki? Is your dad Raki, the crime boss? You worked for him?”

“I did his books for a while. I like maths…”

Maybe Nigel could sense his discomfort because he changed the subject and asked suddenly, “You want to see the meteor shower with me?”

Adam thought about sitting up on the roof under the stars with this intriguing neighbour. And it made him shiver, made him tingle. He replied breathlessly, “Yes, I’d like that.”

Nigel’s responding smile was accompanied by a scent of arousal that made Adam draw in a deep breath and smile back.

Treasure Hunter AU (RoyaleInstinct) - Mature

Chapter Summary

Treasure Hunter AU (575 words)
Mature // M/M // Adam Towers (Basic Instinct 2)/Le Chiffre (Casino Royale) // Tags: Treasure Hunter AU, omegaverse, alpha/omega, alpha Adam, omega Le Chiffre, Adam thinks with his knot, someone's gonna get played.

Adam has almost finished with this recovery job, but then he meets an interesting omega...

Adam let out a pleasured sigh and rolled onto his back.

A soft breeze floated in through the open balcony doors, and the sound of the varied wildlife filled the air.

He remembered the night before. The stunning omega riding him with consuming passion. And before that they had been in the bar. He had perhaps had one singapore sling too many, when the omega approached. They had talked and Adam of course hadn't been able to resist his brag. Being a journalist turned treasure hunter was a story that had all the omegas swooning.

By the time he had chatted the omega up enough, Adam had sobered up somewhat.

And the clear attraction was definitely mutual. Sharp cheekbones, slicked hair. A scar across his eye. This omega was nothing like his usual type, but he was breathtakingly beautiful. And arousingly responsive.

He'd lured the gorgeous creature to his room with a promise to see the infamous Scarlet Jewel, which the omega had suitably ooh and aahhed over until they had fallen into bed together. One last conquest with it before Adam returned it to the rightful owners from which it had been stolen, and collected his fee.

Adam let out another groan of pleasure just thinking about the omega, his morning wood and throbbing knot making themselves known.

Adam went to roll over, to turn and hope to see the omega still there and up for at least one more knotting before they parted ways. But as he tried to roll over, he realised that his arms were tied to the bed. The belt from his robe had been expertly tied around his wrists and then his wrists to the ornate metal frame.

"What the-"

“Ah, Mr Towers. You’re awake.”

The voice drew Adam’s gaze and he craned his neck to see the omega, Jean, reclining in an armchair, playing the prized ruby over in his fingers.

“What is this?” Adam demanded, tugging at his bindings.

“When I heard that it was you who had acquired the Scarlet Jewel, it was just too tempting to not see if the rumours were true about exactly how much of your thinking is done with your knot.” Jean replied and then with a flourish of his hands, added, “And now here we are.”

“Untie me!” Adam growled.

Jean simply stood and pocketed the jewel, walking around next to Adam and looking down at him.

“Housekeeping will find you soon enough. Perhaps we will meet again.” Jean crouched down next to the bed and pressed forward. Adam flinched back for a moment but then didn’t resist when the omega kissed him.

It was a thorough kiss, controlled. But oh so good.

Adam was practically swooning when the omega pulled back and stood. Without a final glance, the omega turned and started walking towards the door.

“Wait!” Adam called, “Who are you?”

At that the omega did stop, hand on door knob. He continued to open the door but turned back all the same and smirked as he replied, “You can call me Le Chiffre.”

And with that he was gone, leaving Adam to consider how he had been completely played by the infamous Le Chiffre. A professional rival he’d never met in person but knew by reputation. Well, they’d definitely met in person now. And as soon as Adam was free from the bed, he’d find a way to retrieve the jewel and perhaps become reacquainted once more.

Bodyguard AU (DogPath) - Explicit

Chapter Summary

Bodyguard AU (2k words)
Explicit // M/M // Cal Roberts (The Path)/Nigel (Charlie Countryman) // Tags: Bodyguard AU, omegaverse, alpha/omega, alpha Nigel, omega Cal, attraction, arousal, scenting, suggestiveness, kissing, can be read as traditional or multisex omega, rough sex, knotting, true mates?, manipulation, ulterior motives, rutting, past murder, bonding, happy ending.

Cal hires a new bodyguard, and his body cannot resist.

NB: Day 17 is here --> Trope: Firefighters AU (BearDogs)

“I want him!” Cal growled and balled his fist on the desk.

“He’s not one of us,” Sarah objected gently in the quiet of Cal’s office.

Cal let out a calming breath and replied, “He saved my life.”

Sarah let out a sigh of her own and then nodded her acknowledgement of that but then added, “I-I’m not comfortable with it, but I understand. I think we should put it to a vote.”

Cal relaxed back into his chair, shaking his head, “No. No vote. I want him, he’s in.”

Sarah blinked at that. She was used to how opinionated Cal could be but he rarely shut her down this hard with so little discussion and her shock showed. The man had saved his life and now he was receiving death threats from, presumably, the same assailant. This was clearly the right man for the job.

Cal’s response effectively ended the conversation and a week later Cal collected the alpha at the gate to the compound. And, just seeing him, his hero, Cal couldn’t help but get a little wet. Not enough to be noticed, he hoped, but enough to remind him of how he’d felt that day in the city.

At first Cal was sure his reaction to the alpha was simply because the man had stepped in when Cal was being beaten by the estranged father of a member of their community. Usually Cal could hold his own, but he’d been so caught off guard and the moment he went down to the floor, a heavy impact, Nigel was over him. The alpha blocked his attacker and then beat him back until the man finally gave up and ran off when the sirens started.

Nigel had made sure he was okay, given a statement to police and, more than anything, Cal had felt safe and assured in his company. In a way he hadn't done with anyone since he was very young.

When the police were done with him, Nigel had slipped his card into Cal's hand and walked away. Cal had studied it. Basic and to the point. Nigel Lupescu owned his own security company. Fate perhaps?

And now here he was, standing at the gates. Cal had made it clear that he wasn't engaging the company, but Nigel Lupescu specifically, and despite some back and forth, Nigel had agreed.

"Hello again," Nigel said, putting his hand out to shake Cal's. He was sure he didn't imagine the zing of *something* between them.

"It's good to see you," Cal replied with a smile and then released Nigel's hand, realising he'd possibly been holding it a little too long. "Where shall we start. Do you want to see the letters? The threats?"

Nigel shook his head, and Cal felt warm and comfortable with the man walking next to him. As though it were so natural that they fall into step together despite being little more than strangers.

"That can wait, first off I want to make sure you're safe. That this place is secure." The alpha gestured back towards the gates.

"We have someone on guard, but of course, the gates remain open and welcoming." Cal explained.

Nigel shook his head, "Not great for trying to keep you safe. Let's take a look at where you lay your head. If people can effectively walk in and out of here then let's see if we can at least make your living quarters safe. And during the day I'll be at your side." Nigel explained as they continued to walk.

Cal nodded and directed them to his house, resisting the urge to ask if the alpha would be there for him at night too.

For the first twenty minutes in Cal's house, Nigel went around checking windows and doors, making suggestions. Recommending again that they have greater security on the gate.

Cal was sure that the reason the tour ended in his bedroom, was entirely unconscious on his part. He'd realised it was going to happen a few rooms before it did, and he could have diverted them. Gone to the bedroom then ended up finally in the bathroom, but that wasn't how it worked out.

And there was no hiding his blush when they entered the room and Nigel scented the air. Somehow discrete and yet not at the same time. This room smelled strongest of Cal, not least because he'd masturbated the night before when trying to unwind enough to sleep.

“Do you get much sleep?” Nigel asked as he started to check the windows. When Cal, surprised, didn’t immediately answer he continued, “Your job. It seems like a position where you’d be under a lot of stress. Probably don’t sleep well.”

Cal’s exhale was almost breathless and he felt the hair rising on his arms at the alpha’s proximity as he moved to the next window.

“I sleep well enough,” He finally managed, getting wetter by the moment. He couldn’t even bring himself to try and deny it. “If I’m tired enough.”

“Yeah?” Nigel was close to him again now, standing right behind him, he scented the air again. “And what do you do to tire yourself out?”

Cal turned to find Nigel directly behind him. In one swift motion his arms were up around Nigel’s neck and Nigel’s arms were around his waist. They pressed tight together as their mouths found each other.

“You smell so good,” Nigel growled against his Cal’s lips.

“Y-you…” Cal started to try and say something but his words were swallowed by another kiss. He wasn’t even sure what he was going to say. How could he vocalise this attraction? This need?

“You want me,” Nigel snarled. Not a question.

Cal’s response was to whine and nod. And a moment later he was lifted from his feet and was on his back on the bed.

“You’re wet for me,” Nigel continued, ripping open Cal’s fly and pulling down his trousers and underwear. He yanked them painfully, until everything came off, shoes and all. And yet all Cal could do in response was writhe and moan. He wanted this more than he could even begin to describe.

“I’ve been wet for you since you saved me.” Cal gasped.

Nigel’s jaw clenched and he began unbuckling his belt.

“I’ve wanted you since the moment I first saw you,” Nigel admitted, pulling open his fly. “Since I first caught your scent I knew you were meant to be mine.”

Cal whimpered and spread his legs, watching intently as Nigel pulled out his hard cock.

“I’m glad you were there, to save me. To give me your card.” Cal admitted, reaching a hand down and stroking his cock, exposing himself.

Nigel seemed to hesitate for just a moment and then nodded, “Right place at the right time.”

Cal hummed his agreement and then Nigel was on him. Kissing him again, rough and passionate as he grabbed Cal’s hips and tilted them up.

Cal let out a short, sharp groan as the alpha entered him. He was so slick there was no resistance whatsoever as he bottomed out and then began fucking into him.

It was hard and fast. Cal could already feel the alpha's knot pressing against him, and he wanted it. He wanted it more than he'd ever wanted anything.

"Knot me," Cal growled, meeting each thrust.

"I fucking will, gorgeous," The alpha snarled, sending a shiver of pleasure through Cal.

He hesitated to think that maybe tales of true mates were real, but as Nigel thrust his knot into him and came with a tremendous force all over his belly, Cal wasn't sure there was any other explanation.

*

The phone rang and Cal blinked a few times before rolling over and picking it up from the bedside table. The clock showed that it was gone eight in the morning, he was exhausted.

"Hello?"

"Cal, we need to talk." Sarah's voice was stern and urgent. "That alpha, Nigel Lupescu? I did some digging and he was in Peru. At the compound in Peru. He's a Meyerist. The security business is true, but he already knows you, knows us. There's some ulterior motive here."

Cal was surprised of course, but it didn't bother him as it probably should.

"Cal, he's heard you speak there. You might have even met him!" Sarah was clearly very concerned, and Cal stopped himself from replying he'd have surely remembered if they'd met.

"You're concerned-"

"He lied about it all, or at least omitted that information. Do you know where he is?" Sarah pushed. "We should make sure he's accounted for, ask him questions. Something isn't right here." When Cal remained silent, she continued, "don't you hear me? He's obsessed with you, I talked to people in Peru, he was very obviously fascinated by you. Talked about how you were Steve's true heir and would make a glorious leader. He's obsessed! Who knows what he's capable of!"

A shiver went over Cal's skin at the thought of what Nigel was capable of. At the thought of the alpha being obsessed with him. It made him hard and wet to think about it.

"Leave it with me." Cal finally said and then hung up just as Sarah began to protest again.

When he rolled back in the bed, Nigel was awake and the alpha moved over him. Cal spread his legs so that they could slot together, unable to ignore Nigel's morning wood.

"You set it all up didn't you?" Cal asked, running a hand through Nigel's soft hair.

“What’s that gorgeous?”

“I didn’t catch at the time whose dad that man was. We encounter people like that on occasion, family members who think we’re brainwashing their children. But he wasn’t really a parent was he? You had that set up so you could come to my rescue and insert yourself into my life whilst letting me think it was all my idea. Get me to hire you as my bodyguard.” Cal didn’t stop stroking his hair, his smile conveying how impressed he was by the alpha. “I’m not under threat, it was a ruse.”

“I wanted to be near you,” Nigel growled, lowering himself to nip at Cal’s lips.

“And now you are. What’s next in your plan?”

“Mount you, mate you, bond with you and breed you.” Nigel grunted the words as he rut his leaking cock against Cal sex, slightly sore from a night of fucking.

Cal’s breath caught in his chest.

“Why?” Cal asked, breathless. “Why me?”

“The fucking love, gorgeous. Drives me somewhat insane.”

Cal was panting now, his whole body shivering as Nigel dominated him, pressing him into the bed but not yet giving in to the omega’s spread thighs.

“The first time I caught your scent, I knew you were mine. And I wanted you to know it too. I came from Peru when the time was right…” Nigel lowered his mouth to Cal’s neck and started sucking over his mating gland.

They writhed against each other and Cal barely contained his whine when he asked, “What do you mean, when was the time right?”

He had to wonder if they’d have had the same connection if Nigel had approached him in Peru.

“Meyer was dying. I know some people thought he was a God, he couldn’t die. But I saw him. I knew. I…” Nigel stopped and groaned as Cal licked up the side of his throat. “I hurried things along. Knew you would step up. And then I could come to you.”

“Oh god!” Cal cried out as their cocks throbbed against each other. “You came to me…” Cal babbled.

“I just want to protect you. I’ll be your bodyguard. I’ll be your alpha, your mate. You just have to let me.”

“Yes,” Cal groaned.

Nigel slid inside him, right to his knot, at the same time he sunk his teeth into Cal’s neck and bonded them forever.

19th Century AU (Jon Jensen/Daniel Deronda) - Mature

Chapter Summary

19th Century AU (797 words)
Mature // M/M // Jon Jensen (The Salvation)/Daniel Deronda (Daniel Deronda) // Tags: 19th Century AU, omegaverse, alpha/omega, alpha Jon, omega Daniel, pre-The Salvation, Jon has no wife, canon-divergent Daniel Deronda, courtship, true mates, happy ending.

Sometimes true mates have obstacles to being together.

“H-husband…” Daniel gasped as Jon buried himself inside him.

*

He hadn’t expected this.

That first day he’d spotted the gruff looking man across the casino room of the hotel in Leubronn, betting chips in hand as he placed a bet here or there. He was doing well, calm and stoic. But even so, Daniel wasn’t fond of gambling and so had paid little attention despite the tug within him.

And Daniel hadn’t missed the glances from the alpha.

“You have an admirer,” Sir Hugo, his guardian, spoke into his ear.

He huffed and shook his head, “I am happy without.” Daniel replied and meant it. He knew little of his own family, his real family. He had been taken in by this kindly man as a child, one he secretly believed to be his father though that had always been denied. He had no desire to start a new one of his own when he knew so little of his past.

And yet, there was a draw, and perhaps from his glances, the alpha felt it too. The man was attractive but Daniel had seen many an attractive alpha and not felt moved as he was now. It was a sensation he couldn’t altogether describe and wished to ignore.

He was sure the alpha sensed his hesitation, and yet he tried to make an acquaintance all the same. Approaching and introducing himself as Jon Jensen to both Daniel and Sir Hugo, his accent foreign and intriguing.

The sensation, the pull towards the alpha, was so consuming that it was all the omega could do to keep it in check for the sake of proprietary. All the more reason to want to keep the alpha at a distance.

Sir Hugo must have realised Daniel's discomfort as he cut the conversation short, and yet then invited the alpha to dine privately with them later.

And so they dined together that evening, and many thereafter. The alpha not hiding his past, his present or his interest. A Danish alpha bound for the Americas to increase his fortune, was of course in want of an omega.

When Daniel and Sir Hugo returned from Germany to London, the alpha followed. Or so it seemed. He said he had local business before sailing from Southampton to the States, and yet this business did not keep him from visiting Sir Hugo's estate often.

The months went on and things unfolded as they would until Daniel knew everything that was to know about himself and his lineage. Finally seeking out his mother in Italy, he returned to England understanding his lineage in a way he never had done before.

And then the alpha called again, even after Daniel's origins seemed to have become common knowledge. His heritage now a scandal worse than when everyone had presumed him the illegitimate son of Sir Hugo. Yet, this didn't seem to deter the alpha who Sir Hugo insisted now to be Daniel's alpha, as though it were a forgone conclusion.

One that Daniel could barely fight himself, as it was impossible to ignore now that this man was his true mate.

On his next visit Jon said, "I wish to get to know you. I hope you'd like to get to know me." Jon's words were stern but had an underlying softness to them. A rough man with a gentle heart.

Daniel blinked and shook his head. Finding it difficult to deny his true mate, but knowing this had to be said all the same. Either their future's would entwine or they would not.

"No, I… I don't want that." Daniel replied, and the look of disappointment on the alpha's face was crushing, so much so that Daniel immediately followed with, "You are going to the Americas. I have no desire for that."

Jon clenched his jaw and studied Daniel for a moment before replying, "Because you want to go East?"

Daniel nodded, "Yes. I was raised an English gentleman as my mother had wished, but now it is time to know myself as the Jewish man I should have been." His words were gentle, and it broke his heart a little to say them, knowing he might lose the alpha he had never wanted but now realised he loved all the same.

"I cannot go without you," Jon said, softly.

"And I will not go to America." Daniel stood firm.

"Then I suppose I must go East." Jon replied quickly in that gruff but soft way that he had.

Daniel smiled and sighed his relief.

The same sigh that escaped him on their wedding day as they said their vows. And on their wedding night as Jon took him. A strong and gentle alpha that made love to him in earnest as he gasped almost disbelievingly, “H-husband.”

Single Parent AU (Hannigram AU) - Explicit

Chapter Summary

Single Parent AU (857 words)
Explicit // M/M // Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham/Others // Tags: Single Parent AU, omegaverse, alpha Will, omega Hannibal, single parent Hannibal, teacher Will, grumpy Will, teenage Mischa, first meeting, time skip, mpreg, mpreg Hannibal, pregnant sex, gentle sex, fluff.

Will was sure he'd never have a family of his own.

Will always wanted a family, but never considered it a possibility. He wasn't the kind of alpha that any omega he'd so far met wanted to date, much less settle down with.

He was odd. Not personable, amongst other things. And at the school all the kids seemed to have a fear of him. He'd never intended to be one of those intimidating teachers, but it had somehow happened.

He was gruff and direct. And it was a hard subject. Chemistry wasn't for everyone and there was no point pretending it was and having kids struggle through his classes when it'd be better for them to take an easier science option. And he was self aware enough to know that this was one of the reasons why the parents all thought he was an asshole.

Will stepped out of his car and took a breath. Another year, another rut spent alone. He'd had the last week off for it and now standing in the school parking lot, he wished he'd taken a few more days. It had been a bad one and he was exhausted. This only served to make him more irritable than he usually was, especially considering he'd not yet had a coffee.

As Will stepped away from his car he jumped back, the Bentley pulling into the space next to him nearly clipping him.

"Do you fucking mind!?" He yelled at the driver, who looked astonished at Will's choice of words. An expression as prim and proper as the ridiculous suit the man was wearing, appeared on his face.

When the man cut the engine and stepped out, Will was about to lay into him, but then he noticed the young girl sat in the passenger seat, frowning at the scene before her. He probably shouldn't get into a fight in the school parking lot with a teenager looking on.

"You might be more careful-" The man started then stopped. His nose twitched as he scented the air and Will narrowed his eyes at that intrusion. The man blinked and his mouth curved into a gentle smile, "Apologies, you're clearly not yourself at the moment."

Will narrowed his eyes. Did this man just fucking smell him and insinuat that the lingering scent of his recent rut was the cause of his bad mood? Will wasn't sure if he was more pissed at the insinuation or the fact that it wasn't wholly true. In fact he couldn't stop himself saying, "Believe me, my mood is usually this good and I'd appreciate you not scenting me like that. It's f- it's rude."

The man's smile didn't waiver.

"I didn't mean to offend. We've just moved here and this is my daughter's first day at school. This is not the first impression I want to be making."

Will grit his teeth and looked back to the girl sitting there with a cocked brow, watching the exchange.

Inwardly he winced. He was meant to be having a new student in his tutor group today. Mischa Lecter, daughter of the town's new doctor. An omega widower who was already the subject of the town gossip Will tried hard to avoid. What a great start!

Seeing no other choice but to be congenial, Will offered his hand. "Will Graham, I teach here."

The omega looked momentarily surprised before he schooled his expression and shook Will's hand.

"Doctor Lecter, Hannibal. A pleasure." The man's smile made it clear his words were genuine and Will couldn't help a little tingle of *something* when their palms met.

Two Years Later

Will hadn't ever considered this would happen.

Even after they had met, and rubbed each other up the wrong way. Traded barbs at parent-teacher night as Mischa grinned at them. That first disastrous date where really it should have shown that this attraction was too stupid to pursue. And yet they'd been unable to stay away from each other, unable to stop themselves from acting on their desire, the unexpected and strange connection between them.

He never thought it would end up here. On a peaceful family vacation during the summer break. His omega under him and his step-daughter sleeping soundly in the next room in their little holiday cabin.

Will groaned as he moved, thrusting gently. Not wanting to hurt his lover as Hannibal wrapped his legs around him as much he could with his growing belly.

In three months time, Hannibal would have their baby.

"I love you," He purred against the omega's ear as they writhed together.

Hannibal responded with a low, long groan.

There was banging then. A knocking on the wall as Mischa cried out like the petulant teen she could often be, “I can hear you, you know!!”

Will stopped, chuckling into Hannibal’s throat. Hannibal moaned quietly, a moan of exasperation rather than enjoyment.

“I thought she was asleep,” Will chuckled.

Hannibal shook his head. “It’s best you learn now Will, children never sleep. Least of all when you want them too.”

Will grinned and caressed Hannibal’s belly. The omega might be right, but he couldn't bring himself to regret a single thing.

Professional Rivals AU (StrangePath) - Explicit

Chapter Summary

Professional Rivals AU (369 words)
Explicit // M/M // Cal Roberts (The Path)/Kaecilius (Doctor Strange) // Tags: Professional Rivals AU, omegaverse, alpha/omega, alpha Cal, omega Kaecilius, cults, rival cults, rough sex, can be read as traditional or multisex omega, knotting, magic, dub-con (possible non-con), sex spell?, mating, bonding.

An unexpected encounter at the All Faiths Conference.

"We're a movement, not a cult." Cal punctuated the words with thrusts as he buried himself inside the cult leader beneath him, hard and rough.

Kaecilius shook his head and laughed, "Yes, I read your pamphlet."

The omega sounded hardly breathless as Cal fucked him deep, with no small amount of anger.

He'd heard so much about this man. This charismatic leader of a batshit crazy cult. Worshipping some alien that was going to end the world or something? Cal had stopped paying attention anytime any of them had talked. They gave moments like his own a bad name.

Even when their head guy, Kaecilius had cornered him in the elevator in the hotel the event was being held in, he hadn't been interested in what they had to say.

As, apparently, 'Rival Cults', the man had wanted a word and Cal had been dismissive.

But after a heated discussion about what was or wasn't a cult, Cal had found himself pressed to the wall and kissed breathless.

That had been twenty minutes earlier and now he was buried knot deep in Kaecilius, in the omega's bedroom still debating it all.

"Fuck!" Cal cried out as he sank his knot into Kaecilius and came hard. He breathed deeply for a few moments before looking down at the grinning omega, coming to his senses. "How… what did you do to me?"

"I simply made a little suggestion, and you were not resistant to it." Kaecilius replied, stroking his hand over Cal's short hair.

“What suggestion?” Cal’s mind was clouded and he wasn’t sure whether he was actually dreaming or not. The world around him seemed fractured. Bright.

He’d think he was sleeping if not for the omega clenching around him until he seeded him all the more.

“That together we would be very powerful indeed,” Kaecilius replied, pulling Cal down to nuzzle at his mating gland.

“Oh fuck!” Cal sputtered, realising the position he was in, and yet, he couldn't find it in him to pull back. Kaecilius continued to nuzzle as Cal’s knot throbbed and he spilled inside him all the more. “More powerful together…” Cal muttered.

“Infinitely so.” Kaecilius replied, and then sank his teeth into Cal’s neck.

Arranged Marriage AU (LuChiffre) - Teen & Up

Chapter Summary

Arranged Marriage AU (806 words)
Teen & Up // M/M // Luke Brandon (Confessions of a Shopaholic)/Le Chiffre (Casino Royale) // Tags: Arranged Marriage AU, omegaverse, alpha/omega, alpha Le Chiffre, omega Luke, first meeting, flirting, teasing.

Luke meets his potential husband for the first time.

Day 22 --> Trope: Futuristic AU (Tristhad)

Luke swallowed down his further objections. He really didn't think he was going to like this alpha at all. His parents had approved of him simply on the basis that he also enjoyed number games as Luke did.

And so today he got to meet the man his parents wished him to meet, based on one common interest.

In all honesty, he had never wanted a suitor and this hadn't made his parent's job any easier when it came to their desire to find him a good match. He had already seen off several that his parents had liked, particularly one alpha, Rebecca Bloomwood. His parents had especially liked her, so he had tried. But she was so vapid and shallow. Hopefully they had all learned a lesson from that experience. At least this one did have *one* thing in common with him!

When the knock on the door came, his mother was a flutter, excited at the thought of having her omega son finally off her hands, no doubt. Luke didn't feel the same sort of excitement. In fact, he just wanted this over and done with.

"Monsieur Le Chiffre," The butler announced, showing the alpha into the drawing room. The alpha was tall and lean, he cut an imposing figure with a scar over his eye. And yet he was far from ugly, as far as Luke was concerned. And perhaps with such an appearance he wasn't as shallow as some of the alphas had been.

Even so, Luke couldn't help a scoff at the name, one that caused his mother to draw a sharp breath at his response. His father covered it with a polite cough and then stood and greeted Luke's latest suitor.

"Monsieur, I'm so glad to see you again. Welcome to my home." His father greeted, politely. "Luke, would you like to take Monsieur Le Chiffre for a tour of the gardens whilst your mother checks with cook if lunch is ready?"

Luke grit his teeth and stood, giving a shallow bow which was returned by the alpha.

“Shall we?” Luke asked, starting towards the door. As he passed the alpha, Le Chiffre offered out his arm and his father coughed again.

Luke obliged and took Le Chiffre’s arm, walking out towards the manicured gardens.

“What’s your real name, Monsieur?” Luke asked as they walked, a light tease in his tone. That, he had to admit, was something that intrigued him.

Le Chiffre looked at him, side on. A stern and serious man.

A moment of hesitation before the alpha replied, “It is Jean, Jean Duran.”

“I’m almost completely certain that my parents believe it to actually be Le Chiffre. Neither of them have an ear for French.”

“You do?”

“A little, but more so I enjoy numbers and so it is a word I have become acquainted with. I’m sure in that regard, my parents would actually be amused to find they are trying to marry me off to a man whose name reflects one of my interests.”

“Hmm,” Le Chiffre hummed his agreement, a slight amusement but not much.

He was stoic. Dressed all in black, he was not flashy as many alphas were, and Luke found himself enjoying that. Enjoying his sedate company as they reached the garden and took their stroll.

“I am not one to take unknown risks, I like to calculate my probabilities of success,” Le Chiffre said in his smooth accent, another thing Luke found himself enjoying.

Luke had heard the alpha was new money, he’d made his fortune prospecting, and a marriage to such a respected family as his own would be very beneficial. And so Luke couldn’t help a chuckle at the thought of a marriage to him being a risk.

“I think I’m actually a very good prospect for you.” Luke smiled. “If I find you agreeable.”

At that Le Chiffre looked back to him again and slipped his hand over Luke’s that rested in the crook of the alpha’s arm. A smile tweaked at the alpha’s lips and he asked coolly, “You believe I am a prospect for you then? Your father implied that you would be… difficult.”

They had stopped walking and Le Chiffre was gazing at him with a measured appreciation.

And, yes, perhaps Luke might consider this alpha with his enigmatic, barely there smile, and his rough hand stroking over his own. He was certainly the first to make Luke’s heart flutter the way it did.

Even so he was measured when he began walking again, Le Chiffre immediately falling into step.

“If there’s one thing you should know about me, Mister Number, if we are to become friends, it’s that I can be rather difficult.”

Luke enjoyed the way Le Chiffre squeezed his hand then, and the shiver it sent over his skin.

Private Detective AU (Bev/Freddie) - Explicit

Chapter Summary

Private Detective AU (435 words)
Explicit // F/F // Bev Katz/Freddie Lounds // Tags: Private Detective AU, omegaverse, alpha/alpha, alpha Bev, alpha Freddie, Private Detective Freddie, Bev is her mark, but then stuff happens, "multisex alphas" - see note, girl penis, vaginal sex, hand jobs, frottage, manipulation?

Freddie is essentially hired to stalk Bev on behalf of a disgruntled ex.

Chapter Notes

Note on anatomy: I picture female alpha/omega thus - female alphas are much like a male alpha but with breasts and also a vagina, and female omegas like male omegas but with breasts and perhaps slightly smaller cock (so both multisex, in the fandom vernacular sense of the word). So much more like male alphas and omegas, than betas ("normal" people).

“Oh god, there, there!” Freddie moaned as the woman she’d been asked to tail for her client thrust into her.

She had been hired to investigate the alpha a few days earlier and had been made almost immediately. Which had *never* happened before. She was good at her job. She was fucking great at her job. So it had been very unexpected that within a week of trailing her, Bev Katz had not only made her, but had appeared at her car window with a coffee.

Turns out, Bev was no stranger to being stalked, by a PI or otherwise.

In fact she’d had years of avoiding a stalker, and that just happened to be Freddie’s client. She really needed to be more discerning about the cases she took on.

She couldn’t regret this case though, not after the instant attraction and shameless flirting. And the next thing she knew she was being paid by a deranged ex, to effectively stalk the object of his obsession for him. And now she was getting fucked by her.

Freddie had never been with another alpha before this, and she really hadn’t known what she was missing out on.

“You like that?” Bev teased then leaned in and kissed Freddie hard, not waiting for an answer.

Their bodies pressed together so that Freddie’s hard cock rubbed between their bellies as Bev’s drove into her.

Freddie was gasping, close to coming, and buzzing all over.

And then Bev pulled out and her eyes flashed open, “Wh-”

With a grunt Bev pressed their cocks together and took them in hand, jerking them hard and fast until they both came. Bev with a growl and Freddie with a cry.

After a few moments panting together, Bev rolled off of her and they both lay on their backs, basking in the afterglow.

“That was… pretty great, actually.” Freddie said, often not an authentic person, she very much meant it this time.

“Yeah,” Bev agreed. “That didn’t suck.”

They both chuckled.

“Hey so, now we’re friends.” Bev started, rolling onto her side to stroke a hand up and down Freddie’s naked body, making her cock twitch anew. “Would you do me a favour?”

Freddie cocked a brow and looked up at Bev, “What do you mean?”

“I’d like to pay my ex a visit, and you have all the information I need.”

Freddie felt a shiver run through her. A very strong sense that she’d been suckered. And yet, with Bev’s hand running over her flank, and her cock once more hardening against her hip, she found it hard to care.

Circus AU (Spacedogs) - Teen & Up

Chapter Summary

Circus AU (318 words)
Teen & Up // M/M // Adam Raki (Adam)/Nigel (Charlie Countryman) // Tags: Circus AU, omegaverse, alpha/omega, omega Nigel, omega Adam, acrobat Adam, strongman Nigel, ringmaster Darko, Welcome to the All Omegan Circus where the ticket prices are high and the costumes are slight.

Nigel watches Adam along with the rest of the audience

Nigel looked up and watched as Adam flew.

From trapeze to trapeze with dedicated focus, he was lithe and beautiful. The most beautiful thing Nigel had ever seen.

The audience thought so too, he was their star act. The Star Boy, they called him. His leotard dark blue and looking like the night sky.

Nigel found some dissatisfaction in the fact that Adam was so beloved of the audience because of his aesthetic as much as his superior talent. But that was to be expected with an all omega circus.

Nigel, an omegan strong man, was of course a novelty. But the acrobats were all so beautiful and Adam most of all. There was no denying that that was what the audience came for.

Darko, the circus owner and ring master, would have people believe that he ran an all omega circus to stop the usual distractions and drama that would unfold with omegas and alphas working together. Especially if and when they ended up triggering each other's heats and ruts. Some circuses had been known to close down for weeks as their acts succumbed and work was impossible as they descended into an orgy. But the truth was, the appeal of an omega circus to the audience was more than just the acts they performed.

There was a reason why over eighty percent of the audience we alphas, and why the ticket prices were so high and costumes so slight.

There was a growl lodged at the back of Nigel’s throat as he watched Adam from backstage and scented the arousal of a hundred alphas watching him.

The only thing that calmed him was the knowledge that when tonight’s show was over, Adam would be in his bed, pleasuring each other in a way that no alpha ever would. Making a mockery of Darko’s lie that having all omegas was to avoid exactly this sort of thing.

Monster Hunters AU (HobbsDogs) - Explicit

Chapter Summary

Monster Hunters AU (2k words)
Explicit // F/M // Abigail Hobbs/Nigel (Charlie Countryman) // Tags: Monster Hunter AU, omegaverse, alpha/omega, alpha Nigel, omega Abigail, fighting and fucking, fingering, sassy Abigail, taunting, demanding Abigail, rough sex, wall sex, nipple play, kissing, doggy style, cocksure Nigel, knotting, casual flirting, hunting, reunions, awkwardness, happy ending.

Abigail Hobbs: Fearless. Confident. Omega. Monster Hunter.

“Fuck, yes!” Abigail cried out as the alpha slammed her against the wall. It had been too long since she’d let out her frustration like this. A good old bar brawl followed by some rough, anonymous sex.

It was always fun when they underestimated her based on her youth and diminutive size. She might only be twenty-five but she’d been a monster hunter for many years. Trained by the best. And before that…

Abigail shook away the thought.

“Is that all you’ve got?” Abigail growled at the alpha, his fingers inside her wet heat. She clenched around him and hoped he got the message. She was ready to skip right to the knotting!

With a growl, he pulled his fingers from her and then ripped away what was left of her panties. Abigail nearly swooned. A moment later he was pushing himself into her. Hard and deep, then slow and teasing.

The alpha knew exactly how to work her up. That much was all the clearer when he moved one of the arms holding against the wall, to her breasts. She cried out when he pinched a nipple through her tank top.

“Oh fuck,” She gasped as he started to fuck up into her with complete abandon. “Knot me, knot me, knot me.” She chanted.

He growled against her neck, and there was a tone of amusement in it. She was sure he hadn’t expected to end his evening having an omega almost half his size pick a fight with him, brawl in a bar until they got kicked out and then demand he fuck her in the alley behind said bar.

It was his fucking lucky day, Abigail grinned.

She slid her hands up into soft hair and pulled his mouth to hers. The kiss was hungry and filthy. It was exactly what she needed.

Hunting monsters left her with a lot of pent up emotions. Frustration when traps didn't pan out or leads fell through. Anger on the few occasions they got away. Sadness that she was doing this alone when she shouldn't be.

And mostly she just needed to work off the adrenaline.

Today all of this and more was a factor for her. She had just picked up the bounty on a monster she had been tracking for a while. They would have preferred it alive but in the end she'd had to return with just his severed head. She still got paid and there was one less monster out there, so win win.

Unfortunately, she'd also received an email earlier from a lead and the beast she had been tracking a week earlier, was definitely not the same one terrorising the residents of San Bernardino for the last couple of months. That one turned out to be a werewolf, and frankly that wasn't worth her travelling the whole width of the country. They were easy to catch and/or kill, so the bounty was always lower than she'd work for.

She'd find other work for sure, but it didn't matter. For years she had been tracking a particularly tough quarry and now she was close. She was sure of it. So close she could almost taste it.

And so, she had plenty of pent up emotion to work out.

"Is that the best you can do?" Abigail taunted and the alpha snarled at her. He pulled out and let her drop to her feet, she only had a moment to think before he bent her over a trashcan and pushed back inside her.

Fuck, it was good. She usually shied away from this sort of position if she was going to let them knot. She found it slightly more intimate to have someone spooned with her until their knotting deflated, rather than face to face. At least then she could lean away from him if she wanted, not be caught in an inescapable embrace.

The alpha gripped an arm underneath her and began to slam into her so hard that the bin was rocking and clanging against the wall.

"I'm the best you've ever had, gorgeous." The alpha growled in her ear and she clenched around him. Aroused by the words and the tone. She would definitely put him in the top five as of this moment. He was making her feel oh so good, and she liked his demeanour. He was exactly what she was in the mood for.

Jack hammering into her now, the alpha was grazing her g-spot spectacularly, and his knot was kissing at her entrance.

On one particularly hard thrust, she was knotted. Abigail cried out, the pressure against her g-spot giving her one of the best orgasms she'd had in a while.

And then the alpha was filling her, crying out himself and then nuzzling into her hair.

“Hmm, feels good,” She purred which made him thrust into her again, as much as their position would allow.

She always enjoyed the feeling of alpha’s filling her up. She was on suppressants, but there was something fulfilling about it in an omegan way that she could imagine would feel great in heat.

“You smell good,” The alpha murmured into her hair and then pulled back.

Abigail let out a little shriek when she was hauled back. The alpha’s arm still around her and cock buried deep, he jostled her as he pulled the back of his jeans up a little and then sat down on the floor, leaning against the back wall of the bar.

“Not gonna fucking stand up against a bin all night, gorgeous.” He told her as he fished a cigarette box from his pocket and proceeded to light up. He took a drag, blew the smoke away from them and then added, “Hopefully we can part company in twenty or thirty minutes, but I’ll warn you, my knot has been known to last more than forty minutes. Especially when I’m so fucking turned on.”

He nuzzled against the side of her neck, spreading the scent of nicotine.

“Never had an omega challenge me like that before. You could have just asked for a fuck, darling.” He drawled.

“Didn’t just want a fuck, I wanted a fight.” Abigail’s reply was blasé as she made herself comfortable in the alpha’s lap. “Name’s Abigail, by the way. I’d shake but…”

The alpha laughed, “Nigel. Smoke?” He offered her the lit cigarette but she shook her head.

“I’m very particular about what I put into my body.” She replied and Nigel let out a soft chuckle.

They lapsed into silence until Nigel’s knot deflated. As soon as it had, Abigail was off of him, pulling her clothes back together. She left him still sitting there as she turned back, winked, shot him some finger guns and then walked off down the alley.

*

Abigail was glad of the previous night’s fuck. She’d needed the release and now she was focused. Determined.

She pulled her gear out of her trunk and locked up the car.

She had to hunt this monster down, she couldn’t keep going like this. She had to be right this time. Where she found the monster she’d find…

“Hello, gorgeous.”

Abigail whipped around to see the alpha from last night standing next to her car. She narrowed her eyes at him.

“Are you following me?” She growled.

“I could ask you the same.” He replied, pulling out a cigarette and lighting it. He went to offer her one and then with a smirk returned the packet to his pocket.

“I’m here on business.” She replied with a huff.

“Seems like the same business as me,” Nigel replied, tapping against the holstered gun on his hip.

“Oh crap.” Abigail sighed. “This is my bounty. I’ve been tracking it for… a long time.”

“Not as long as me, I bet.” Nigel grinned.

She glared at him for a moment and he did nothing but grin. At a standoff she finally threw up her hands, “Fine. Just don’t get in my way. If it’s the monster I’ve been hunting, it’s mine. If it’s not, then the bounty is all yours.”

Abigail shouldered her rifle and started into the woods.

“So, what’s your story then?” Nigel asked quietly as they began to track through the woods.

“Don’t have one.” Abigail replied curtly.

“Come on darling.” Nigel encouraged. “I’ve let you use me for my knot, it feels like a fair exchange. Feels a bit shit on my ego otherwise.”

“Like you didn’t get anything out of it!” Abigail scoffed.

“Would could go again if you like,” Nigel teased, causing Abigail to roll her eyes.

“I grew up around monsters. And then around monster hunters and then it got complicated. And now I’m here.”

“Wow,” Nigel let out a low whistle, “Someone should write the story of your life, it’d be a real page turner.”

“Whatever,” Abigail grumbled, really hating the fact that Nigel’s shitty attitude was a little bit of a turn on. “You?” Abigail asked, “Dazzle me.”

“I hunt fucking monsters, gorgeous.” Nigel replied. “End of story.”

Abigail rolled her eyes again and carried on moving through the woods.

The silence that fell between them seemed to amuse Nigel, which irked her. So she was glad that she was the one to spot the cabin in the clearing beyond the trees. They’d been tracking

through the woods for almost two hours and now suddenly it felt like the end of a very long journey.

They both stopped and crouched, taking a vantage point to look at the small domicile hidden in the middle of nowhere.

“There,” Nigel pointed and Abigail lifted her rifle to look through the sights for focus.

And yes, there.

Hannibal and Will were talking, laughing as they walked towards the cabin from the trees. Will leaned in and they kissed for a moment before breaking apart. Will went into the cabin but Hannibal remained outside, doing something she couldn’t quite make out.

She heard the click and looked at Nigel, his gun raised and pointed directly at Hannibal.

She moved quickly, pulling her hunting knife and pressing it to his ribs. “Don’t. I’ll gut you like a fish.”

A grin spread over Nigel’s face and he lowered his gun. “Like that is it? I wondered.”

Abigail narrowed her eyes at him, and then was caught off guard as he stood and began to walk from the treeline towards the cabin.

“No,” Abigail cried out and chased after him, throwing herself on his back but not quite managing to swing her arm around and press her knife against his throat.

They both went down, scuffling on the floor as he tried to pin her, still grinning, whilst avoiding her knife.

“Nigel!” Hannibal’s voice broke through the sound of their fighting, a commanding growl that spoke of him being more than the alpha he presented as. But also more than the monster he had turned out to be.

“Hello brother,” Nigel crooned, pulling back. Abigail could see Hannibal then, his scowl and Will behind him, out of breath as he’d run from the cabin, and looking surprised. “Long time no see.”

“Wh-” Will started and then stopped, his jaw hanging open as both he and Hannibal looked down at her. “Abigail?”

She winced and waved her knife at them by way of greeting. “Hi dads. Um, found you.”

Will shook his head and turned a scowl on Hannibal, “I told you she’d come looking for us, it would have been better if we’d stuck together.”

“I wanted her to have some semblance of a normal life.” Hannibal sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

“She’s our daughter, that was never going to happen.” Will said, laying a gentle hand on Hannibal’s arm. Hannibal let out a heavy sigh of resignation. Will seemed satisfied by this, looking down at Abigail with a fond smile before his gaze switched to Nigel and he frowned.

Will turned to Hannibal and asked, “And who’s this asshole?”

Abigail’s inward cringe was so powerful she was surprised she didn’t combust.

Model AU (DeathHawk) - Explicit

Chapter Summary

Model AU (588 words)
Explicit // M/M // Kurt Schmidt (Black Hawk Down)/Cliff (Death Stranding) // Tags: Model AU, omegaverse, alpha/omega, alpha Cliff, omega Kurt, sex model, sex photos, robot sex, Cliff the sex machine - literally, model Kurt, photographer Cliff, photos during sex, mating cycles, heat sex, daddy kink, possible daddy issues?, nipple play, knotting, coming untouched.

Kurt can't help but marvel at how thrilling it is to make so much money doing something he loves so much.

“That’s it, Kurt. Moan for me.” The voice was rich and deep, tinged with a slightly metallic echo.

Kurt did. He moaned and twisted his body under the android alpha.

He’d only intended to do this for his first heat. There was a lot of money to be made in heat photos. The models could make some serious cash, and the photographers were all androids. Not just so that there were no medical risks, but the camera lens eyes gave the photo recipients the sense of actually being part of the act.

Somewhere out there, a whole bunch of alphas were jerking off over his tight little body getting pounded and knotted by the android he always requested.

The one that he kept coming back for. Because in truth, he had planned to join the military. There was okay money in it and they’d pay for him to get his medical degree like he wanted. Something that otherwise wasn’t going to happen. Especially as he was having to help support his family since his dad left.

He could have just sold his first heat, as he did, and left it at that. Subsequent heats didn’t fetch as much money, usually. But after a year of doing this his profile was going up in the ratings and his photos were going for serious subs now. Not just ones during his heats either. He actually had a fan base!

He could live on this money, his family could, and all the while he got to do something he loved.

Because he loved being fucked and knotted by Cliff. The android who had become known as “The Daddy” thanks to the one video they’d done to promote Kurt’s photo stream, where viewers witnessed quite how much Kurt called the droid “daddy” whilst they were fucking.

Kurt gasped, “There, daddy! Fuck me right there.”

He looked adoringly up at the android. Other than the slight green tinge to his skin, Cliff could pass as human. He was top of the line and, at least to Kurt’s mind, looked like some sort of military general. Which made the experience all the hotter for Kurt. A buff older man that looked like he might be able to crush him as soon as look at him? That was exactly the daddy Kurt wanted, and he’d found him in Cliff.

“Mhmm, such a good boy,” Cliff replied, running his hands up Kurt’s flanks and then to his hard nipples, tweaking them as Kurt heard a series of little clicks as Cliff took his photos. He encouraged Kurt to writhe and moan, delivering as much pleasure as he could to get the best photos of the omega.

Cliff’s grunt sounded slightly mechanically as he pushed his knot into Kurt and the sound of multiple clicks went off. He photographed Kurt’s angelic and ecstasy filled expression, and the point where they joined. He photographed Kurt’s little cock coming untouched.

Kurt knew part of his appeal was being such a slight and twinky omega. A lot of people went for that. So for now he wasn’t going to think about the future, and the longevity in this. Perhaps he’d start setting money aside to buy Cliff once his money making days were over?

But he didn’t need to think about that for now, not as he lay on his back being photographed by the android alpha knotting him, he just had to marvel that it was insane at all to make so much money doing something he utterly loved.

Tattoo Shop AU (Bev/Freddie) - Teen & Up

Chapter Summary

Tattoo Shop AU (528 words)
Teen & Up // F/F // Bev Katz/Freddie Lounds // Tags: Tattoo Shop AU, omegaverse, alpha/omega, alpha Bev, omega Freddie, Alternate Universe, Tattoo Artist Bev, Journalism Student Freddie, flirting, oblivious Bev, meet-cute.

Bev is oblivious and Freddie isn't that subtle.

“Hello again.” Bev smiled. She was always friendly towards prospective customers, but she had to admit maybe that drifting towards flirtatiousness with the young, omegan red-head that kept stopping by. “Made up your mind yet?”

The girl shook her head and smiled.

She was probably the same age as Bev, but Bev’s hard knock life, supporting her rather large family, and starting as a tattoo apprentice as soon as she was legal, made her feel much older than the journalism student. She couldn’t regret it and she loved being a tattoo artist, she just wished some of her siblings were a little more grateful. She still had to stop them roughhousing and getting into trouble when she went to visit.

Bev knew Freddie Lounds was a journalism student because they’d talked a few times when she’d been by before. In fact, now she thought about it, she knew a fair bit about the girl.

The first time Freddie had come to the shop had been a few weeks ago, she’d browsed some of the flash on the wall and asked to look at Bev’s portfolio. Saying she wanted something but that she was having a hard time settling on the idea. Bev had offered to work on a design with her, but that her slots were booked up for a few months. So they had that booked in and still the omega came by. Looked at the flash. Chatted.

Always when Bev was between clients, like she was watching the shop or had insane timing.

And every time she left again, Jimmy would stop the tattoo he was working on and chuckle.

“I think I’ll still wait for our design session, I just want to get a good feel of the options beforehand.

“Sure, go ahead and browse. My next client isn’t for an hour so if you have any questions-”

The girl’s face lit up and she replied quickly, “If you’re free right now maybe we can go grab a coffee? I had some questions about colours.”

“Oh! Sure.” Bev replied. “Just let me clean up and I’ll meet you in Joey’s down the street in five?”

“Okay!” Freddie replied eagerly and then was out the door.

“Oh my god!” Jimmy groaned good naturedly as he looked up from his client’s thigh and the intricate tattoo he was working on.

“What?” Bev frowned, scowling at him.

“Katz, you know how you told me about when your kid sister punched you in the nose a couple of years ago and broke it.”

“Uhuh.”

“And that since then your sense of smell has been off?”

“Yeah…” Bev frowned, the frown deepening when Jimmy’s client started to chuckle as well. “What?”

Jimmy shook his head. “I guess I should just warn you that that you woman who has been coming by at a frequency that doesn’t yet seem to have caused you any concern, is kicking out pheromones in a way she is sure to think you’ve noticed.”

“Oh. Oh!” Bev blinked, looking to the door and then back to Jimmy. Then she cupped her hand and breathed into it, giving it a sniff before she asked, “got any mints?”

Magic AU (Spacedogs) - Teen & Up

Chapter Summary

Magic AU (526 words)
Teen & Up // M/M // Adam Raki (Adam)/Nigel (Charlie Countryman) // Tags: Magic AU, omegaverse, alpha/omega, alpha Nigel, omega Adam, fae Adam, fairy magic, injury, injury recovery, healing magic, true mates?

Nigel is saved by an angel.

Adam usually went the other way when he heard the obvious sounds of conflict.

It happened a lot in this part of town and his father had always taught him to avoid it. Not because he was some sort of fragile omega, but because of the fae magic that ran through his family.

His alpha father was able to control it so well, but being an omega meant that sometimes it could be erratic. Or at least so his father thought. He'd worked hard over the years to learn how to live with it, but his father still thought of him as a child and worried an emotional outburst might cause him to reveal his magic. Something his kind were never meant to do under any circumstances.

But this time he didn't walk away from the shouting. There was a strange energy calling him towards it. Wet sound, and impact. And then gurgling and Adam was filled with a sense of dread by it.

He couldn't walk away.

Instead he conjured a shimmer, hiding himself in it as he snuck towards the noise, towards the alley. And it was fading now. The shouting had stopped and he could hear footsteps retreating. He actually expected to find the alley empty.

And at first he thought it was.

But then he heard the groan and saw the movement.

Adam watched for a moment, hesitating, but unable to resist his innate omegan need to help.

He let the shimmer fall and went to the injured man who was panting and gasping on the floor.

The man looked gruff, he had been beaten and his side was bleeding, he was barely conscious.

Adam hesitated for a moment and then knelt down. He knew he shouldn't but the man was going to die if he didn't help. His breathing was shallow, and Adam was sure it would stop any moment.

He placed his hands over the wound on the man's side and let the energy flow from him. The wound beneath his fingers glowed orange and then slowly green, then blue as a scar formed.

And then the alpha sucked in a breath, and his eyes flew open. He looked up at Adam and blinked.

"You… You some kind of fucking angel?" The alpha growled, his voice rough. Adam found it strangely pleasant in a way he never had with any other alpha before.

He shook his head, "A fairy." Adam smiled, knowing the alpha was too out of it to really understand or believe him.

They looked at each other for a moment and then Adam started to get to his feet, "I should-"

"No, don't." The alpha grabbed his arm, his hold gentle but insistent. Not fear in his eyes, but something similar. Like Adam leaving would cause him pain. "Don't leave me here. Please, Angel."

Adam looked down as the man lay prone and still exhausted despite the healing. He frowned, but even so asked, "Where do you live?"

The alpha smiled and pointed back down the alley, "Above the cafe," He managed before passing out.

Adam sighed and lifted the alpha in his arms, to take him home.

Magic Tattoo AU (StrangePath) - Explicit

Chapter Summary

> Magic Tattoo AU (671 words)
> Explicit // M/M // Cal Roberts (The Path)/Kaecilius (Doctor Strange) // Tags: Magic AU, Tattoo Shop AU omegaverse, alpha/omega, omega Cal, alpha Kaecilius, Meyerist Cal, tattoo artist Kaecilius, magical tattoos, physical intimacy, secrecy, soul tattoos, can be read as traditional or multisex omega, fingering, coming untouched, premature ejaculation, sex magic. For the final prompt we're allowed to choose any of the two previous AUs, so I've gone with magic AU and tattoo shop AU.
>
> Cal wasn't prepared for the process of acquiring a tattoo via magic.

“Relax,” The alpha purred against Cal’s ear as he ran his hands over Cal’s naked back, a towel draped over his ass.

Cal nodded even as he trembled, feeling more vulnerable than he’d like.

He was laying face down on the masseuse-style bed, his head through the hole. He knew this was going to be an intimate process, but he hadn’t realised quite how intimate. It didn’t help that the artist was an attractive alpha.

That he hadn’t expected. He wasn’t sure what he’d expected, but he knew the tattoo shop was owned by an omegan woman with a shaved head. He hadn’t been prepared for the alpha with the purple eyes who led him into the private room.

“This process works better if we can increase the intimacy,” The alpha, Kaecilius, rumbled.

“Wh-what does that mean?” Cal asked.

There was so much secrecy with these types of tattoos. Ingrained into the entire body with magic, not just skin deep. They became part of your soul.

But the process around how this was done, was shrouded in mystery, and to even get an appointment there was an extensive and lengthy interview. Not everyone would be accepted.

Cal had the honour, he just wasn’t sure of what exactly.

“Do you not like alphas?” Kaecilius asked, running a finger down Cal’s spine and making him shudder.

“Huh? I like alphas, I… what?” Cal was confused by the strange question. How intimate did they really mean?

“If you are attracted to omegas, or betas, you need only-”

“Oh!” Cal lifted his head in surprise, getting up onto his elbows and looking at the alpha with wide eyes. The alpha who was now shirtless. In fact, he had taken off his ceremonial robes and was just down to underwear that seemed barely more than a loin cloth.

Cal swallowed, his heart suddenly racing. “N-no, I’m attracted to alphas.”

Kaecilius smiled at that and indicated that Cal should lay back down, which he did. His body trembled as he put his face back through the hole and tried not to moan when the alpha’s hands landed on him again.

“I will conjure the mark that your soul wants me to.” Kaecilius told him gently, warm hands drawing patterns in his skin that didn’t seem idle. “You need to relax, open yourself to me.”

Cal shivered, wondering for a moment exactly how much meaning to read into those words.

And then the alpha’s hand slipped down between his legs.

Cal let out a shocked cry but didn’t move, fingers feeling how wet he already was.

“Open yourself up to me. I need to feel who you are.” Kaecilius murmured.

Cal moaned as fingers worked between his legs and then inside him, fucking him gently. His skin heated all over, but especially the patch between his shoulder blades where he had requested the tattoo. Not hot enough to burn but enough that he could feel the intricate outline of the pattern, the eye of Meyerism sinking into his flesh. Or rising out of it. He wasn’t entirely sure.

The fingers twisted, feeling warm and gentle inside him. Feeling better than anything he’d felt in a long time.

With a cry that surprised himself, Cal came. His whole body convulsed and he felt the wetness of his come spread under him and slick flood from him. With a moan Cal shook his head, “I-I’m sorry…”

He could feel the mark on his back fading, a slight heat there but fading fast.

“I should have been more gentle,” The alpha replied, “You have a sensitive soul, you will need more sessions.”

Cal nodded, his body still shaking as he tried to process what had just happened. The alpha helped him to sit up and turn on the table, placing the towel over his lap for modesty, though the scent of his come made modesty impossible.

“Perhaps several.” Kaecilius rumbled, smiling in a way that sent chills over Cal’s skin.

Cal nodded, “Yes, I think you could be right.”

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